

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

January

15¢

see 36

BOB
DOPE'S
SKAN
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WHY THE ANN SHERIDAN-GEORGE BRENT MARRIAGE FAILED!
What Should War Wives Do For Dates? Hollywood's Views
HUNGER-SET ROMANCE: JANE WITHERS in "JOHNNY DOUGHBOY"

Seas Ablaze

...with black villainy, with fiery romance, with breathless deeds of daring... in the roaring era of Love, Gold and Adventure!

"Sixteen men on a
dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"



Tyrone *Maureen*
POWER · O'HARA

in Rafael Sabatini's

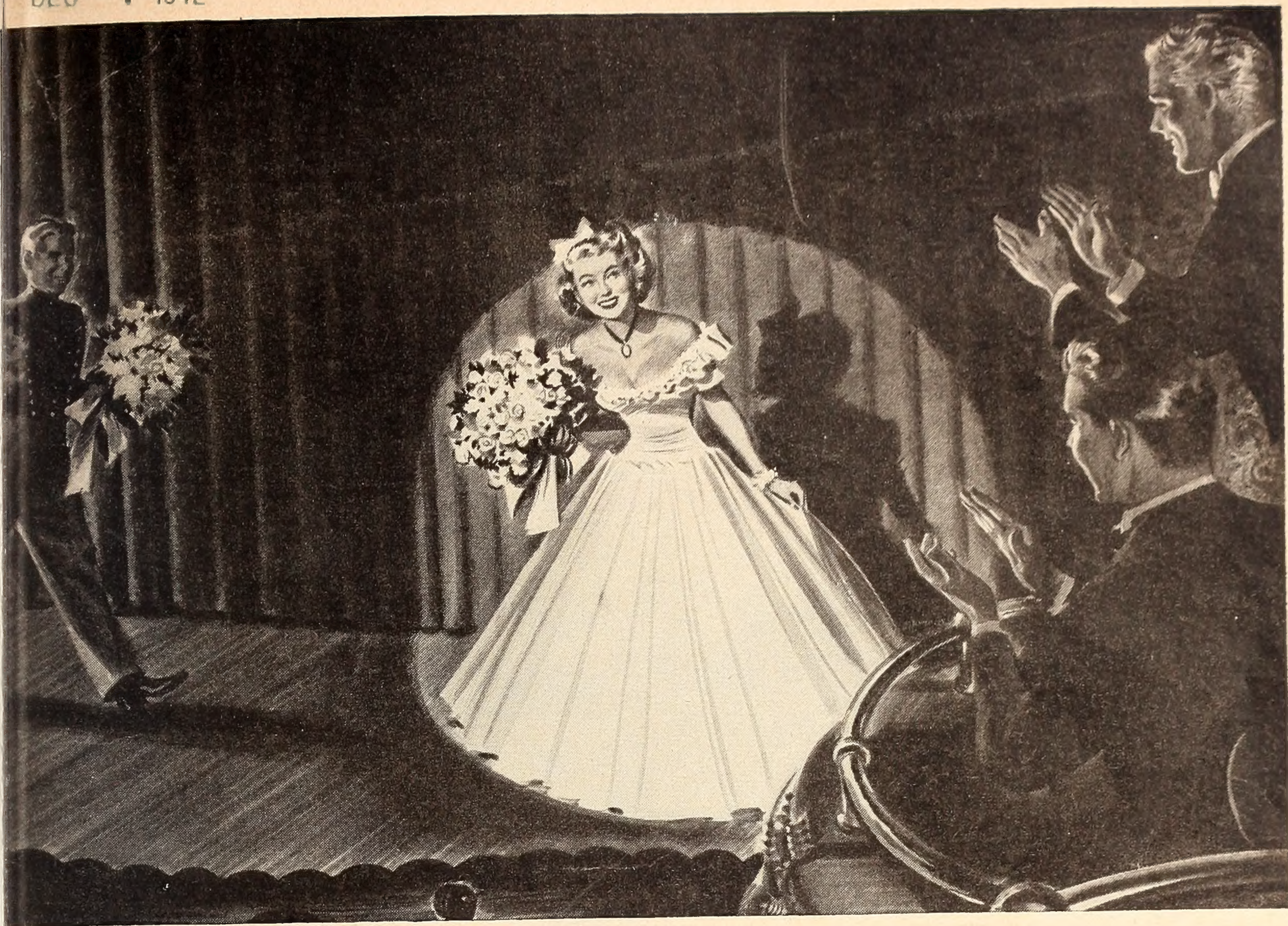
THE BLACK SWAN

in Technicolor

with
LAIRD CREGAR · THOMAS MITCHELL
GEORGE SANDERS · ANTHONY QUINN
GEORGE ZUCCO

Directed by **HENRY KING** • Produced by **ROBERT BASSLER**
Screen Play by Ben Hecht and Seton I. Miller • Adapted
by Seton I. Miller, from the Novel by Rafael Sabatini

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

a radiant smile turns heads, wins hearts!

Let your smile open doors to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HEADS UP, plain girl, and smile! Beauty isn't the only talisman to success. You can take the spotlight—you can win phone calls and dates—romance can be yours if *your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Not a timid smile, self-conscious and shy—but a big heart-warming smile that brightens your face like sunshine.

If you want a winning smile like that—sparkling teeth you're proud to show—

remember this important fact: *your gums should retain their healthy firmness.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"— a Warning Signal

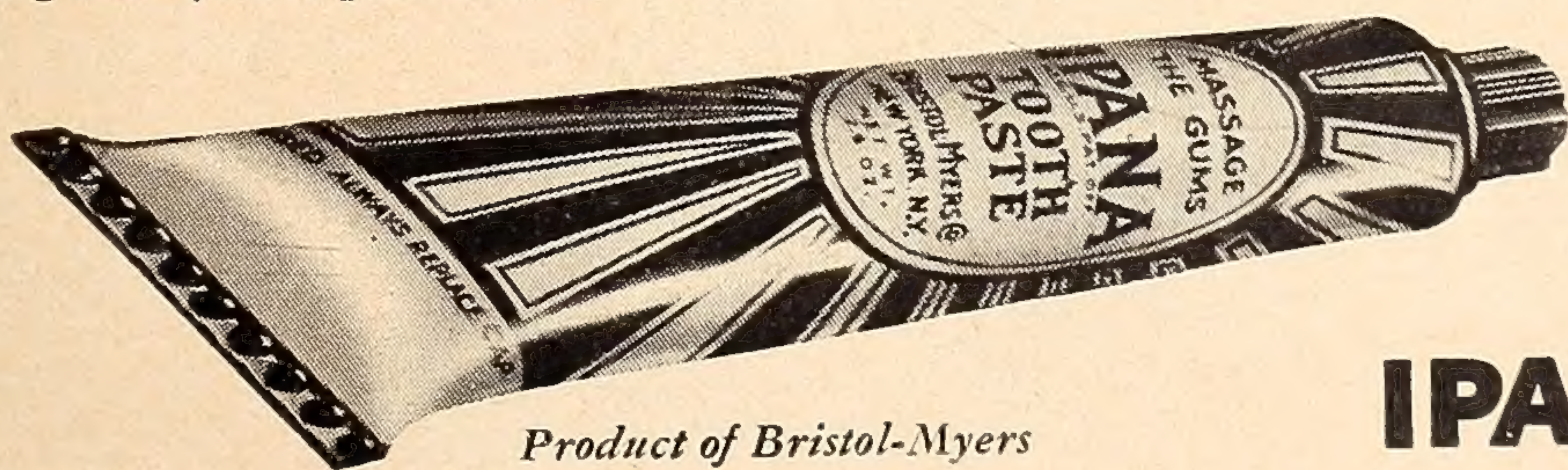
So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!*

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and spongy, robbed of natural exercise, by our modern, creamy foods. And if, like thousands of other modern dentists, he suggests the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste

and massage—be guided by his advice!

For Ipana not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help the health of your gums. Just massage a little Ipana on your gums each time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Start today the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage. With Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE



It's a dramatic BOMBSHELL



when a world-famous correspondent



meets MARGARET during a blitz!

Here it is. And eagerly awaited is William L. White's story that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest and as a best selling novel! It has become one of the most soul-stirring pictures of our time. Brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this strange and beautiful story of a valiant little orphan of the blitz and her flight to freedom will open your eyes and your heart.



**GREAT
BOOK!
GREAT
PICTURE!**



with
ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINÉ DAY
FAY BANTER
NIGEL BRUCE
WILLIAM SEVERN
and presenting
MARGARET O'BRIEN

Screen Play by David Hertz and
William Ludwig - Based Upon the
Book by William L. White

Directed by
MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by **B. P. FINEMAN**
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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Cover Portrait of DEANNA DURBIN,
 Starring in Universal's "Forever Yours"

Paul Hunter, President
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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
 this space
 every month

The greatest
 star of the
 screen!

We wish you a Merry Christmas and
 A Happy 1943.

And add a particular wish to all those
 in the armed forces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are flown
 to our warriors in Iceland, Ireland,
 Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and
 New Caledonia.

At the moment, as Santa shouts "On,
 Donder and Blitzen", there are two films
 of opposite type tucked in his bag.
 There's the melodious music box of hits
 "For Me And My Gal".



Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (the
 boys with Judy are George Murphy and
 Gene Kelly) fulfills every promise of her
 precocious entertaining art.

The other film is "Random Harvest"
 starring
 Ronald Colman
 and
 Greer Garson.



Two pictures in production at MGM
 dealing with the one burning topic of
 today are recommended especially.

One is the talked-about "Journey for
 Margaret". The other is the will-be-
 talked-about "Cargo Of Innocents".

Both are from novels and both were
 condensed for the Reader's Digest.

"Journey For Margaret" is a William
 L. White story of a refugee child who
 found a refuge at last.

It presents little "Margaret" O'Brien in
 one of the greatest of all performances.
 Robert Young and Laraine Day admir-
 ably foster the child.

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of
 Innocents".

They are Robert
 Taylor, Charles
 Laughton and Brian
 Donlevy. But more
 about this anon.

It is a lionhearted
 picture.

Naturally. —Leo



HOT from Hollywood



After being in the Hollywood spotlight all this time, Lana Turner still blinks her eyes when a camera-man's flash bulb goes off—even as you and I. Above, Lana with hubby Steve Crane at the Mocambo. At another table, Greer Garson tries a tune on a tiny harmonica for benefit of columnist Harry Crocker.



THINGS will never be the same out Benedict Canyon way. Invading the peace and quiet of the dignified residential section is Tommy Dorsey. He took over the old George Fitzmaurice home—and on Sundays Tommy's band takes over. *Such* jam sessions! Mickey Rooney is a regular (with his Ava in tow), Lana Turner and her Stevie, Desi Arnaz (where was Lucille?), Virginia O'Brien with her new husband, and Rags Raglund, who donned an apron and served the refreshments. So contagious is Tommy's music, he even has the good neighbors swinging it out on their lawns!

CESAR ROMERO is now in the Coast Guard getting his basic training on Catalina Island. Ever since he left, "Squeak," his pet bull terrier, has refused to eat a bite. Cesar's family is afraid his pet will die of a broken heart.

TYRONE POWER'S loss is Dana Andrews' gain. Not that Ty cares. He's counting the moments to get into service. But Dana Andrews and Cornel Wilde are the two white hopes on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Dana has inherited Ty's star dressing room suite. The studio needed Dana's old one. So Ty moved into the trailer he keeps on the set and turned over the key of his suite to Dana. Ty also left his lucky bathrobe for Dana to wear while making up. With *such* a start, how can he miss?

It could *only* happen in Hollywood. Recently, Venita and Jack Oakie announced their separation—which of course isn't news. But Jack, not Venita, went home to mother. What's more, he went home to *Venita's* mother! Jack's very devoted to his mother-in-law and without taking sides, she's equally devoted to him.

JOHN PIERRE AUMONT, who is now just plain Pierre Aumont to his public, puts on a wonderful show in the M-G-M commissary. It isn't intentional, either. But the handsome young Frenchman is *so* cordial. He bounces from one table to the other. He waves across the room and exchanges greetings. He shakes hands hello and he shakes hands goodbye. Spencer Tracy, Bob Young, and a few others lunching together, timed Pierre to see how long it took him to get out of the place. It took thirty minutes!

WHEN Ilona Massey returned from selling bonds and Alan Curtis didn't meet her, Hollywood knew their hectic married life was finished. Once upon a time Ilona couldn't sing a song unless Alan stood in the wings to inspire her. Alan in turn (who was married twice before) insisted that Ilona's love and guidance was going to make him a great star. Nothing would ever come between them! Ilona tried desperately to make her marriage last. But the parting seems to be final.

"IF YOU ever go into the movies I want to make you up," Perc Westmore told Dinah Shore. And he meant it. So Dinah called on Perc, when she arrived to do "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Perc had joined the Coast Guard. But he hadn't forgotten his promise. On his first week-end leave, he spent all his time giving tips and pointers to Dinah. Now the famous radio star looks as lovely as she sings.

COLUMBIA officials are frankly worried over Rita Hayworth. They've reconsidered themselves that they can't discourage her romance with Vic Mature. But they're hoping they can induce Rita to put on some weight. Since returning from her bond tour, she's lost quite a few pounds. If she's dancing with Fred Astaire again, and he's moving heaven and earth to get her, she'll have to be much stronger.

IN CASE Jeff Lynn's friends wonder why they haven't been hearing from him, here's the reason. Jeff is now enrolled in Officers' Training School and that just about takes up twenty-four hours a day. He couldn't be happier with his new responsibilities. Jeff's former gal friend, Margaret Hayes, has gone back to Broadway to do a show. Wonder if they'll have a romantic meeting at the Stage Door Canteen?

(Please turn to page 8)



Ensign Robert Stack dined and danced with Anne Shirley at Mocambo before leaving for Pensacola, Florida, where he's in the gunnery division of the U. S. Navy Air Corps.

Have you heard that priceless story

about the Girl who

left her Husband,

went to Florida in a private train with Ten



Mad Millionaires, nabbed the

richest Young Guy

in America, and then ...

but that's

"THE PALM"

BEACH STORY"

The deft, dizzy,
different hit written
and directed by
PRESTON
(Never a dull moment)
STURGES

A Paramount Picture starring

CLAUDETTE

JOEL

COLBERT • McCREA

with

MARY ASTOR • RUDY VALLEE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

IF IT'S true, by the time you read this the official announcement should have been made. What announcement? Why, Rosalind Russell's expected baby, of course. Hollywood knows that Rosalind has wanted a baby for a long time. What a lucky little one to pick Rozz for a mother!

LEW AYRES returned home to Hollywood on furlough and never have you heard such an ovation. In theaters, restaurants, at the American Legion fights—everywhere—everyone broke out in applause when Lew made an entrance. He looks happy—and handsomer than ever in his uniform.

ALL THE time (and it was a long time) they made pictures together, there was no love lost between George Brent and Kay Francis. So what happens? They met at a party recently (remember how George hated parties when he was married to Ann Sheridan?) and they've been going together ever since. Being closer to the same age, these two should have much in common. Here's hoping.

OUR guess would be that it's really serious between Susan Peters and Richard Quine. He just gave her a new bracelet that excited her as much as those rave notices on the sneak preview of "Random Harvest." They say her performance is worthy of Vivien Leigh. Good work, Susie!

Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant, right, in a scene from the new feature film, "Once Upon A Honeymoon." Below, Robert Cummings helps Olivia de Havilland, who, as title rôleist in "Princess O'Rourke," takes an overdose of sleeping tablets on the plane he pilots. Below, right, Virginia O'Brien and Red Skelton, who appear together in "Du Barry Was A Lady," collect musical instruments to be sent to American war prisoners in foreign lands, as part of the YMCA's welfare program.

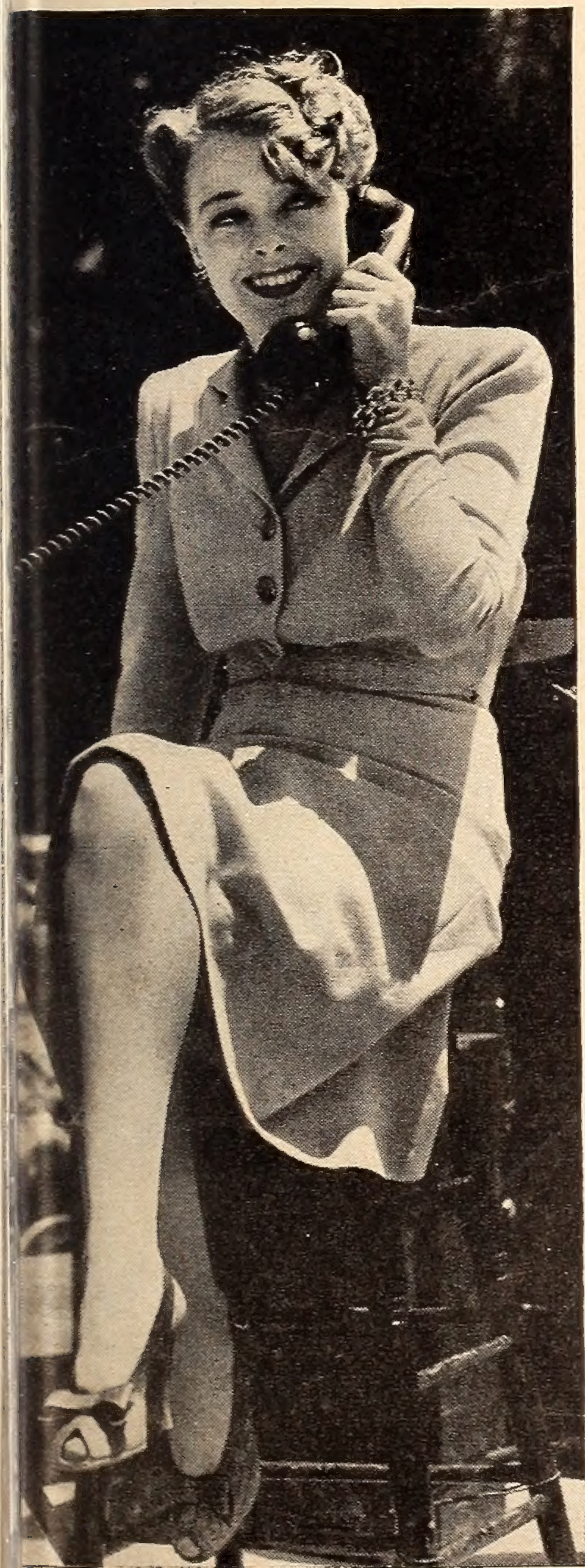


WHEN Bill Holden (who is now in the Air Corps) furloughed in Hollywood, hiked over to the Columbia Studio to see his former boss, Harry Cohn. Bill was late for the appointment. The reason? The cop at the desk wouldn't let him in without a pass and his old one had expired. Bill said he felt as if he were back to that fatal day again, when he was trying to crash the gates to test for "Golden Boy."

WHAT with the dim-out, Jean Parker wouldn't dare venture out with that arch she's carrying for Doug Dawson. 'Tis said that gossip and bad advice caused Jean leave Doug. But she's called off the divorce proceedings. So it looks like time and good common sense are going to heal all wounds. Just as it wounds all heels!

PUTS to you—might well have read the invitation the Bob Youngs extended to their friends. Bob had found it next to impossible to hire anyone to harvest his walnut crop. So he invited all his friends over to a walnut-picking party. There were two prizes. A bottle of champagne each to the first ones who picked the fullest bag and the cleanest. Walter Pidgeon won on both counts. Walter would!

(Please turn to page 11)



Virginia Gilmore, above, takes a phone call on "The Seventh Column" set, where she is playing the lead opposite John Shepperd.

Love
comes
to
JACK BENNY
and
ANN SHERIDAN!
IN WARNER BROS. RIOT

"Geo. Washington Slept Here"

with
CHARLES COBURN PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE McDANIEL
WILLIAM TRACY • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by Everett Freeman • From the Stage Play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

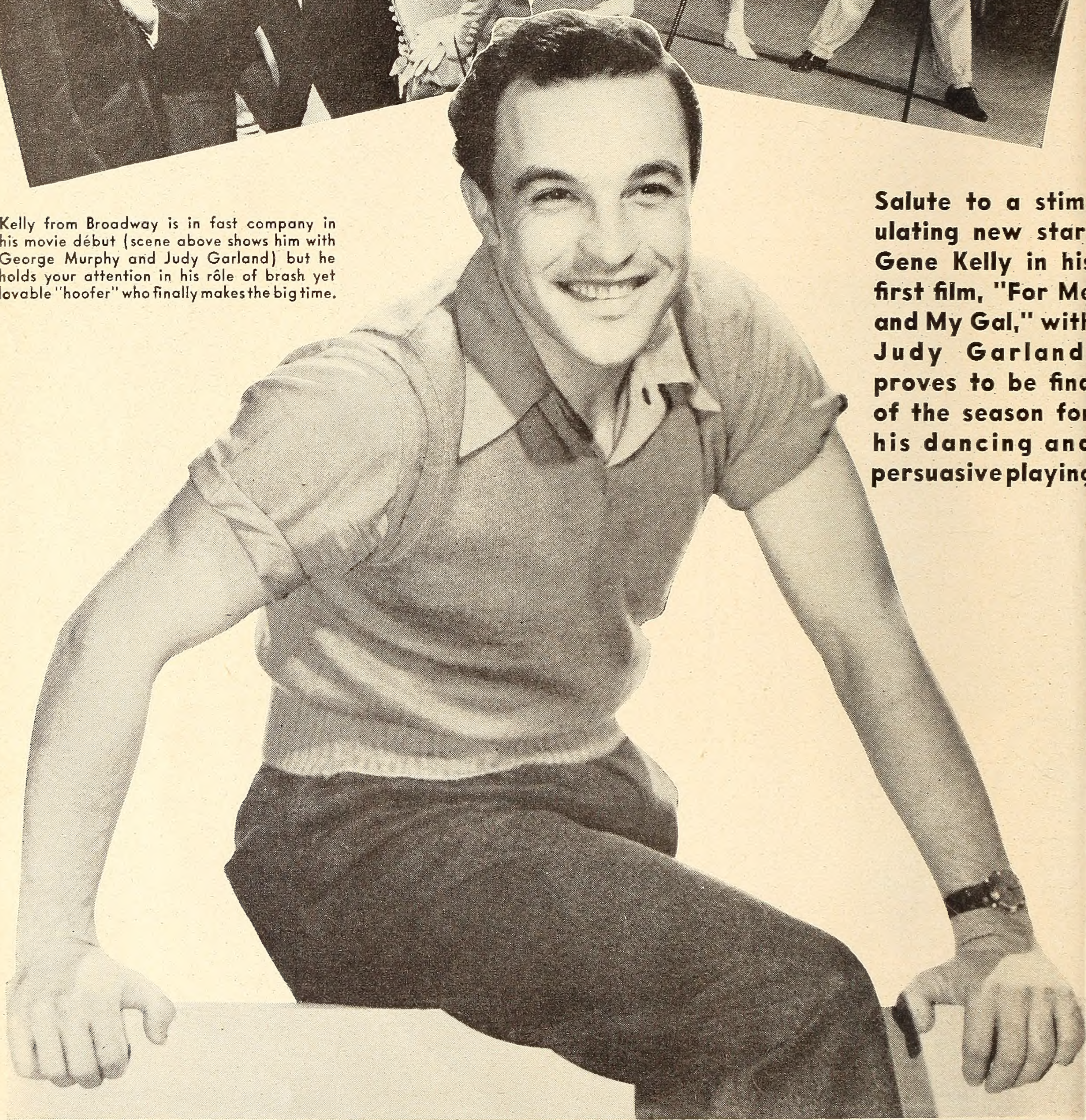
★ Watch and Wait for the Howling Date! ★



Kelly from Broadway is in fast company in his movie debut (scene above shows him with George Murphy and Judy Garland) but he holds your attention in his rôle of brash yet lovable "hoofer" who finally makes the big time.



Salute to a stimulating new star! Gene Kelly in his first film, "For Me and My Gal," with Judy Garland, proves to be find of the season for his dancing and persuasive playing



Screenland Honor Page



A bruise on the shapely leg of Bonnie Manville, one of the models in "The Powers Girl," is being dressed by nurse Toni Haezart.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 9

"MA HARDY" is very sad. There's a swell acting job waiting for her and she can't take it. It's the part of a drunken old reprobate, the kind of part every character actress dreams of playing. But Mr. Mayer feels the fans would never approve or accept their beloved "Ma Hardy" any other way, but the way Fay Holden plays her. So Fay's being kept on the professional water wagon!

DEAR, beloved May Robson is gone. Almost up to the end, she insisted that servants tell callers that she was out for a ride. She didn't want them to know she was too sick to talk. Her passing recalls a favorite story she loved to tell on herself. It was the time she took her first plane trip, across the English Channel. In one hand she held a bottle of smelling salts. In the other hand a crucifix. "Muzzie" was so scared, when they landed, she found she had been kissing the bottle of smelling salts!

HOLLYWOOD is hysterical over an item appearing in a recent column. According to the columnist, the actor-husband of a glamor girl was grieving so much over their recent separation, his hair had almost turned white. It's been a known fact and makeup men can vouch for it that the actor has been prematurely grey for quite a number of years. But now that he is planning on joining the Army, he no longer has his hair touched up.

RAY MILLAND won't like this because he believes in doing things quietly. From a soldier we learned that it is Ray who reserves twenty-five hotel rooms over every week-end. The soldiers are all so anxious to visit Hollywood. What with tourists overcrowding the town and people closing their big homes for the duration, living quarters are at a premium. Ray reserves these rooms at various hotels and a mutual friend sees to it that deserving soldiers have a place to sleep. Pretty nice gesture, we say.

New Loveliness Beckons! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. C. H. Bleich of New York, says: "My skin looks so much nicer. From the start I felt the Camay Mild-Soap Diet was the beauty care for me!"

Try this exciting beauty idea—it's based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

A SKIN that's fresher—lovelier—the kind that men can't resist—isn't that worth a little time and care? Then follow the thrilling beauty routine of so many charming brides. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you bring out all of the hidden loveliness of your complexion.

For, like many another unsuspecting woman, you may be cleansing your skin

improperly . . . or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just mild—it's *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps.

That's why we urge you to change today to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. For at least 30 days, give your complexion the benefit of Camay's *milder* beauty care. Your skin will feel thrillingly fresh, at once. And in a few short weeks, you may see a lovelier *YOU* reflected in your mirror.



GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for makeup. Be faithful. For it's *regular* cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's mildness.

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Stops Perspiration



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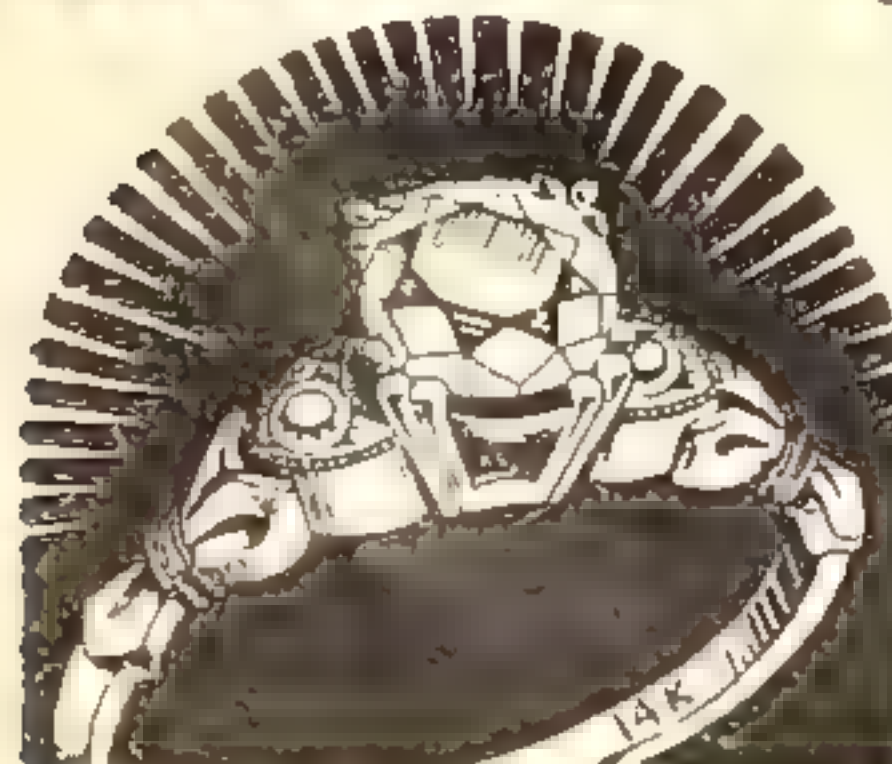
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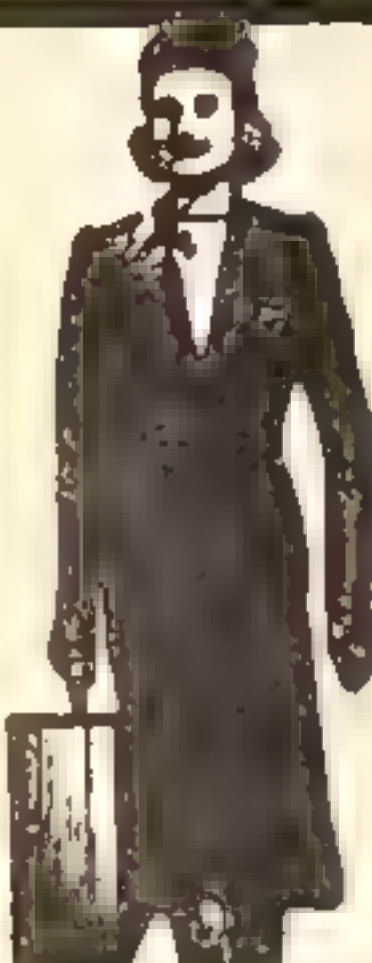


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BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 74, Rochester, N. Y.

INSIDE THE ★ STARS' HOMES ★

Jinx Falkenburg and her family, who like Latin customs, are celebrating New Year's with a South American fiesta

By Betty Boone



THE Falkenburgs have lived in various parts of Spain, Portugal, Brazil and Chile. It's natural that Latin customs, food and holidays appeal to them. Almost any occasion calls for a fiesta.

"We'd give a party at the drop of a hat," admitted Jinx, "so we're not above New Year's Eve and New Year's Day celebrations, but the great thing is the big fiesta on the sixth of January, the *Day of the Kings*. In Spanish and Portuguese countries, children put out their shoes to be filled with gifts, just as here children hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve. It's the celebration of the day the wise men arrived at the manger with gold, frankincense and myrrh."

Food being a vital part of any successful holiday-making, Jinx expects to build her fiesta dinner around a special, most delectable Argentine dish.

"You know it's midsummer on January 6th in South America," explained Columbia's 'Cover Girl,' "so fresh corn is at its best. If you try this dish before the fresh corn season, you can use frozen corn or the kind that comes on the cob in cans. We think fresh corn best, naturally."

It's really a glorified stew, served in a pumpkin shell. The top is removed from a big yellow pumpkin, and the seeds scraped



Top, Jinx welcomes you to her hilltop home. Above, preparing the salad; and mixing the garlic and butter in a mortar with pestle.

ut. The pumpkin is baked in the oven until tender.

Mrs. Falkenburg, who believes in imagination in the kitchen, varies the herbs she uses in her stews and combines different vegetables, according to what she has on hand, or what looks interesting at the time. For the pumpkin filling, she sautés onions and tomatoes in olive or Wesson oil, chopping a tiny piece of garlic up with the onion; then she browns the cut up meat in the onions, adds herbs—with this stew there is always a bay leaf, but you may put sesame, celery seed or even anise seed, if you like it, too—and pours the hot stew into the baked pumpkin shell. The whole is topped with the fresh corn cut from the cob—or its substitute of frozen or canned corn—and the whole returned to the oven.

This dish is served from the pumpkin shell and a piece of pumpkin put on each plate as it is filled. It's most picturesque and simply delicious.

"With this dish, we serve tossed green salad, French sourdough bread, sliced the long way, spread with Kraft cheddar cheese and toasted," said Jinx. "We follow this course with coffee, fruit and nuts. Sometimes there's a whole cheese on the table."

"We like to have fruit and nuts as dessert rather than fancy concoctions of puddings, pastries or cakes," put in Mrs. Falkenburg, "because we enjoy relaxing around the table. We can sit and peel our fruit, crack our nuts, and talk. There's more time for real conversation and discussion, if all of us are preparing the next bite as we eat than there is when all one does is put fork or spoon to the lips."

Jinx and her family like to make novel table decorations of fresh fruits and vegetables. Grapes, Jinx believes, lend themselves most gracefully to arrangement, but the shining purple eggplant, that streaked green-and-yellow squash, various gourds, all polished within an inch of their lives, make novel and exciting centerpieces.

Pastel de Choclo is another famous Chilean dish served at the Falkenburg table. This is especially good at the time of fresh corn, but can also be prepared with the frozen or canned varieties of corn.

Sauté your corn in chopped onions with olive or Wesson oil. In another pan, brown your meat (beef or lamb) in onions. In the bottom of a baking dish, put the browned meat, onions, sliced hard-boiled eggs, a handful of seeded raisins and a dozen or so stoned olives, big and ripe. Pour the sautéed corn on top, cover with brown sugar and put in the oven for half an hour. The sugar

(Please turn to page 68)



Lucille Norman, above, made her screen debut in "For Me and My Gal," the movie which starred Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.

"They can't Blackout Romance while girls have Adorable HANDS,"

says

Arleen Whelan



Arleen Whelan, lovely Hollywood movie star, with Richard Simmons. Hasn't she thrilling hands! She uses Jergens.

"I pity the girl who has red, rough hands," declares Arleen Whelan, brilliant young Hollywood star. "Jergens Lotion takes no time to use and it helps to keep your hands lovely. I always use Jergens and, they say, the other stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."



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for Soft, Adorable HANDS



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Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades . . . Peach — Rachelle — Brunette — Suntan — Hawaiian — Nut Brown.

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Patti-pac

CAKE MAKE-UP
Economy Size—39¢

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Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY

Delight Evans



I MARRIED A WITCH—Cinema Guild-U.A.

Triumph for Veronica Lake, in a rôle that might easily have been ruined in less delicate hands, this picturization of Thorne Smith's last novel is a rare treat for those who enjoy film fantasy. As a very lovely and lively ghost, Veronica returns to haunt the 1942 incarnation of the man who caused her to be burned at the stake in 1670. Instead she falls in love with him and he with her. As played by the enchanting Veronica and Fredric March, it's all fine, imaginative fun. See it by all means. Cecil Kellaway and Susan Hayward score.



YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER—Columbia

Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth stage a joyous reunion in this super-duper dance and music show. Rita, as an icy South American beauty, Fred as a Broadway hooper stranded in Buenos Aires and by accident appointed to help thaw her cold heart, make a perfect team, whether they're actually dancing—and what dances!—or sharing comedy scenes with Adolphe Menjou, a riot as her crusty father. Jerome Kern tunes, played by Xavier Cugat's orchestra—and Cugat himself in a comedy part—it's tops among the musicals.



THE BLACK SWAN—20th Century-Fox

If you want sheer escapist film fare, here's your best bet of the month. Raphael Sabatini's swashbuckling yarn of piratical practices in the Spanish Main makes a riproaring adventure movie, told in Technicolor, with Tyrone Power in the lusty rôle of daredevil Captain Jamey Waring, right-hand man of Sir Henry Morgan. Sea fights, duels to the death, kidnapping of a lord's luscious daughter—there's never a dull moment. Maureen O'Hara is the gorgeous heroine, and Thomas Mitchell, George Sanders, and Laird Cregar are superb.



SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—20th Century-Fox

Gay and glamorous musical, all in dazzling color, will delight followers of this spectacular type of entertainment. Set in beautiful Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies, the frothy story concerns the efforts of John Payne to persuade his former fiancée and dancing partner, Betty Grable, to team up with him again, both personally and professionally. Carmen Miranda, at her merriest, and Cesar Romero in smoothest dancing form are personable aids; Eddie Horton provides real comedy relief. Harry James' orchestra plays the hit tunes.



WHITE CARGO—M-G-M

Hedy Lamarr in her brief costume as Tondeleyo, the little terror of the tropics, is chief attraction of this drama of white men disintegrating in the brutal climate and boredom of a pre-war rubber colony. As the halfbreed whose gold-digging wives drive her victim to distraction Hedy gives a sizzling performance, on which no audience will be able to resist—only Walter Pidgeon as a particularly tough overseer is immune to her charms. Her dance alone is worth the admission price. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan, fine.



THE PALM BEACH STORY—Paramount

This movie's quartet of popular stars—Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, Rudy Vallee—all give sparkling performances, so don't miss it. Claudette plays the wife who leaves her husband (Joel) because he's not a success, gets herself a rich suitor (Rudy), and sells him the idea of giving Joel the \$99,000 for his engineering idea. Hubby objects to being introduced as his wife's brother when the suitor's sister (Mary) makes a play for him. After misunderstandings and much confusion, they're reunited. It's really hilarious.



THE NAVY COMES THROUGH—RKO-Radio

This film, which pays tribute to the men of our Navy and Merchant Marine, will stir patriotic emotions. A Lieutenant (George Murphy), forced to resign his commission because of an unfortunate mishap, enlists as a gob when war breaks out, is assigned to a munitions ship under the C.P.O. (George O'Brien), who testified against him, becomes a hero, and is reinstated as an officer. The ship's encounters with enemy U-boats supply plenty of action and thrills. Fine portrayals by Murphy, O'Brien, and Jane Wyatt, only woman in cast.



THE GLASS KEY—Paramount

Like movie mysteries? Then don't miss this film version of Dashiell Hammett's novel about a political boss (Brian Donlevy) who is suspected of murder, and his faithful lieutenant's (Alan Ladd) efforts to clear him. When the man he is backing kills his own son, Brian tries to shield him because he loves the daughter, Veronica Lake. Except for Donlevy's fine performance, it's Ladd's picture. He portrays a variety of emotions and does them all splendidly. Suspense is good. Miss Lake wears her hair you-know-how in a few scenes.



YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warners

A remake of the 1934 newspaper yarn, "Hi Nellie," which starred Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell. The new version has Brenda Marshall as a reporter, and George Brent, who loves her, as a hunch-playing managing editor, who is demoted to doing a "lonely hearts" column, as punishment for an editorial boner. Through the column he gets a clue to an unsolved murder, and exposes a black market in auto tires. Brent and Brenda, fine. Roscoe Karns, good as a comic cameraman who gets mixed up with their wild chases. Fast; exciting.



THUNDER BIRDS—20th Century-Fox

A romantic drama which revolves around the training given Allied Nation's air cadets at Thunder Bird Field, Arizona. Most of the action concerns Preston Foster's determination to make a flyer out of John Sutton, a British cadet who gets sick in the air, despite the fact that the student has won the girl he loves away from Foster. The story is weak, but Sutton is convincing as the cadet. Gene Tierney looks stunning. Planes flying through the skies are always thrilling, but filmed in Technicolor *they're really something!*



SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE—RKO-Radio

Via "The Court of Missing Heirs" radio program, Vic Mature, a soldier, hears he's heir to a fortune, but there's a catch to it—*there always is*. He must marry a certain girl—Lucille Ball. She's betrothed to another, so his pals get rid of the b.f. to give Vic a chance to win her—he does—in seven days. The rôle of the cocky heir is a natural for Vic. Lucille does what she can with a poor part; Marcy McGuire peps things up with jive; Ginny Simms, Mapy Cortez sing; Fred Martin's and Les Brown's bands furnish music.



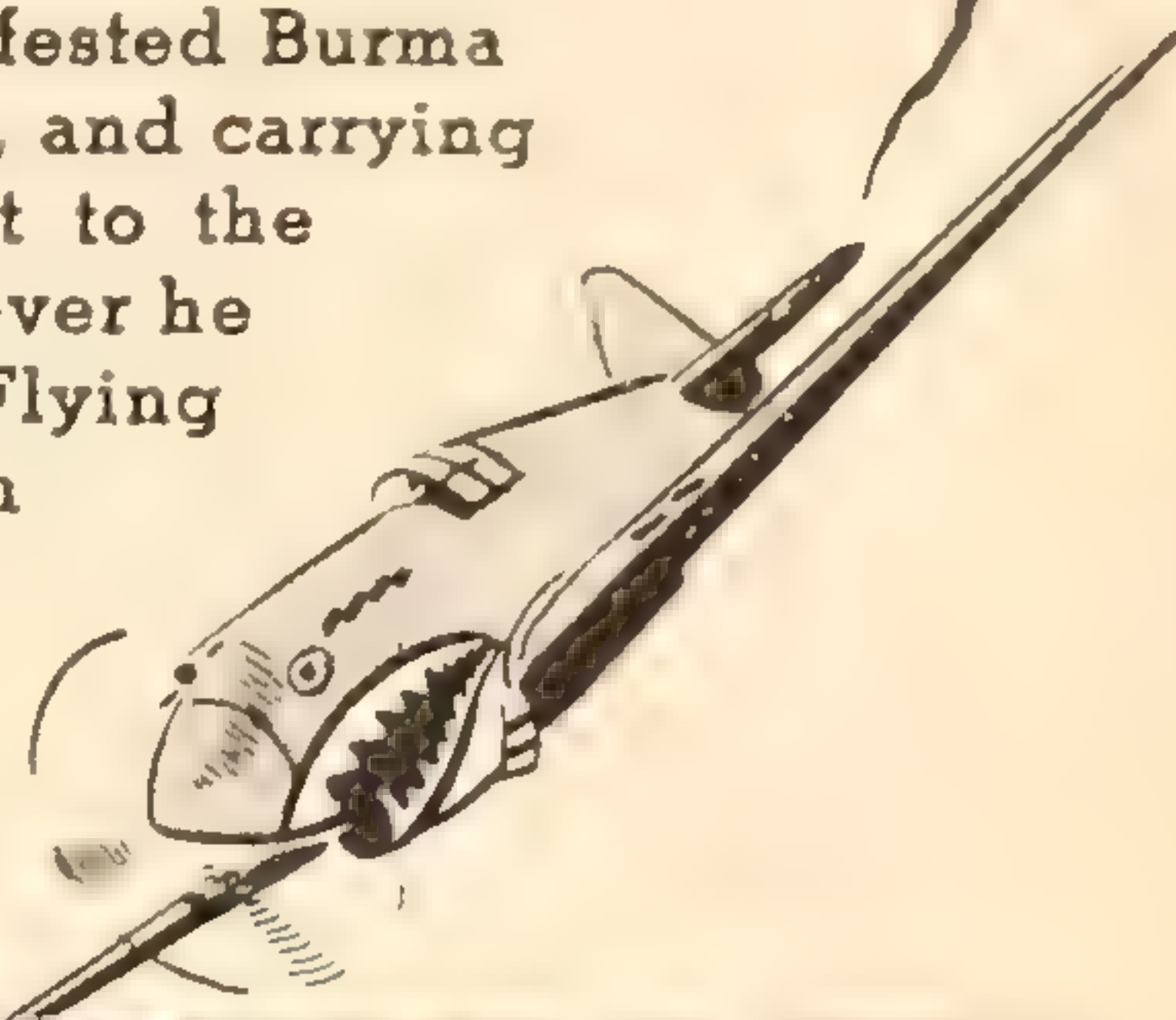
A YANK AT ETON—M-G-M

No one but Mickey Rooney could have done justice to the rôle of the typical American boy who, because of his ma's marriage to a Britisher, is sent to England's famed school instead of Notre Dame. He plays the disgruntled boy, who rebels against Eton's traditions and tries to introduce American customs at the school, to perfection. Story slows down in spots, but when Mickey starts cutting up in his inimitable style, it steps right up again. Freddie Bartholomew, good as the step-brother; but Tina Thayer, as the girl friend, overacts.

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Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

Some of the movie stars make me tired! I had to waste a whole evening gazing at Joan Fontaine moon around in "Suspicion" and then to think she got an award for doing it! Are the judges real people and do you mean to tell me they sat through that performance and then gave her the award? Give me the character actors. I'd go a mile to see old sour-puss Ned Sparks or watch dead-pan face Virginia O'Brien sing a lullaby as she did in "The Big Store"—in fact, that's the only thing I remember about that picture.

Of course, there are stars who really act, but so many rest on their laurels and just parade about looking insipid and bored.

The movies mean a lot to us who live out on the lonely prairies of Montana—so give us more of those real pictures like "Mrs. Miniver" and "David Copperfield" (bless the old soul of Edna May Oliver as *Betsy*—that WAS something!) Give us Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy, but for heaven's sake cut out those awful kissing marathons.

My newest favorite comedian is "I Dood It" Skelton. I just saw him in "Panama Hattie." Oh well, I got this off my chest. I say thank God for the movies—they help take our minds off our troubles of war, drought, grasshoppers, sheep, and the high price of butter out here in the ride-'em-cowboy-let-'er-buck country.

MRS. A. E. KAMPS, Froid, Mont.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

All my irritation against actors, agents and executives vanished when I saw "Pride of the Yankees," for it was worth all the disappointments I have suffered in the past. I was beginning to believe that unless one became exotic or created a scandal, their life was not worth remembering, and just at that time came Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright re-enacting the lives of those two great people, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Gehrig, and the greatest story of love and inspiration one could ever want was unreeled before our amazed and sympathetic eyes.

That picture was an inspiration to all young American boys. My son's Scout Master recommended it to the troop, and I personally took my daughter to see it, for what greater rôle could any mother ask than that her daughter be as great and good as Eleanor Gehrig.

Teresa Wright is truly great and as an

No Soft Pedal Here

This is one place where you don't have to soft-pedal your thoughts. You can speak freely here. If you feel a certain movie deserves being taken over the coals, or that your once-favorite star has let you down and earned big Bronx cheer, write a letter to the Forum about it. Your verbal spanking may win one of the prizes, and it will be fun to watch for the other readers' reactions to your letter. SCREENLAND awards monthly prizes of \$10.00; \$5.00; and five prizes of \$1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

added asset she has beauty and charm, a thing all great actresses cannot boast. I hope to see her often, and I should like to see her again with Gary Cooper.

This picture was worthy of the man whose story it told.

MRS. WILLIAM COUCH, Barberton, Ohio

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 EACH

I'm burning up with fury! I have just read your November \$10.00 prize letter, the writer of which would like to request Joan Fontaine to give some of her charm to her sister, Olivia de Havilland. Of all the nerve! Why, Olivia has more charm in her impish brown eyes than all the charm of Joan Fontaine combined!

If Miss Fontaine has so much charm, why can she play nothing but sickly neurotics and similar rôles, while her sister Olivia plays everything: intense drama in "In This Our Life" and "Gone With the Wind"; an everyday life type of rôle in "Hold Back the Dawn"; adventure in "They Died with Their Boots On"; and comedy in "The Male Animal." And, be-

ieve me, charm and versatility have much in common!

Is it Olivia's fault that Joan won last year's Academy Award by doing justice to the neurotic in "Suspicion," while Olivia has had only two really good rôles ("Gone With the Wind" and "Hold Back the Dawn"? Should one even mention that Joan is a better actress than Olivia because she has won the Award and Olivia hasn't? After all, Joan has had some terrific rôles!

LAURENCE BEYER, Mineral Wells, Tex.

To paraphrase Hedda Hopper, "my hat's off to you, George Sanders!" I doubt that you are as black as you permit yourself to be painted in print. Certainly there's nothing like a negative attitude to create a positive reaction.

Having read the fictionized version of "The Moon and Sixpence" in SCREENLAND, my suspicions are heightened; I scent something quite akin to smart publicity. Your poisonous phrases disparaging women combined with your self-portrait of a super-egotist have well prepared us to meet Charles Strickland, and what's more, leave the theater resounding with raves in tribute to a superlative performance of Academy Award proportions. But, then, I may be deluded, for I'm but a mere member of your self-termed "inferior sex!"

MARY E. LAUBER, Philadelphia, Pa.

I saw "Between Us Girls," starring Diana Barrymore, last night. The rest of my family saw it, too, so this morning there was not a single aspirin left for me. What a headache! Slapstick comedy, with the comedy left out and slap omitted.

Diana will have to do better if she expects a Barrymore rating. Right now she seems more adolescent than Barrymoreish. Somehow, I feel that she is trying to climb the success ladder by skipping some of the rungs. Touch them all, Diana, and your footing will be firmer.

In spite of the poor picture, I envied suave Kay Francis, and I fell in love with John Boles all over again.

DORA JANE BERRY, Shreveport, La.

Whoever gave Victor Mature the title of "Hunk o' Man" evidently hadn't seen Richard Denning in "Beyond the Blue Horizon." When he appeared on the screen two women seated directly behind me said almost simultaneously, "Look, isn't he wonderful?" Silently my friend and I agreed with them. For about one hour and forty-five minutes we watched Denning and came to the conclusion that he should get better parts and there are others, we are sure, who agree with us. Why don't we ever see him starred with such actresses as Betty Grable or Lana Turner?

DOROTHY LIVELY, Wheeling, W. Va.

Allen Jenkins is not just another name on the list of a supporting cast—oh no! To the fans, Al Jenkins means "top-notch" entertainment. We have laughed at his antics with many of the brightest stars—and at times, laughed louder and thrilled longer at Jenkins than "Mr. Top Billing."

Now mind you, all this has been going on for these many years while scintillating satellites have fallen by the wayside one by one. But always "right there" is Al Jenkins, always turning in a bang-up performance in every picture.

When time rolls around again to present those handsome Oscars, better toss one toward Allen Jenkins, moviedom's perfect side-kick.

RALPH J. SATTERLEE, Muncie, Ind.

HONORABLE MENTION

Welcome to Hollywood, Diana Barrymore! I hope you are here to stay. You are quite unlike anyone on the screen today, in looks and personality. You have youth, apparent good humor, intelligence—and a certain fascinating sparkle. You can act, too. "Between Us Girls" proves this without a doubt. It is obviously a "vehicle" permitting you to run the well-known gamut, and if it was assigned you as a test of ability, I'd say you passed with flying colors. Stick around, keed—you're refreshing!

L. R. CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

After reading such complimentary letters, written by the fans about their favorites, in your splendid magazine, I can't resist the temptation of doing the same about mine. My favorite among all the actors on the screen is Bing Crosby. You can have every other one, I leave them to you, but please give me Bing, who in my opinion has everything. Give me Bing with his lovable, endearing personality, his soothing, speaking voice, his melodious singing voice, and his superb acting ability. Everything in him gets me. Nothing is more thrilling to me than to sit in a theater watching my idol perform. By now, you must have guessed that I have just seen "Holiday Inn."

RUTH ALLEN, Montreal, Que.

Who could be foolish enough to suppose that the movie stars are gods and goddesses? Just glance through any current fan magazine and you're likely to see photos of your favorite stars playing very informally with their own offspring or adopted children. Sprawling and wrestling on the floor with them, piggy-back riding them, reading to them, etc.—all tell a story that the picture captions need not go into.

Give us more of these informal home scenes, please. These pictures, more than any glamorous or handsome studio portraits, make me wish I knew the stars personally, and could drop in on such cozy family scenes such as those shown of the Dennis Morgans, John Garfields, and the rest. More, SCREENLAND, more!

LLOYD SALYERS, Kingsport, Tenn.

Did you see "I Married An Angel?" Wasn't it horrible? I'm considered a music lover, but I certainly couldn't grasp the situation in that movie. Let's have not so much "long-haired" music and a little more down-to-earth swing.

You can have pop-eyed Vic Mature and his divine "woo-pitchin'." Me—I'd rather get "hep" to another musical like "What's Cookin'." That little *Amen* number is really "on the beam."

Take it from me, we jitterbugs want more jive and less slush. What d'ya say?

Incidentally, I often wondered if people really won those prizes, or if they wrote those letters just for the exercise.

MARGARET MURRAY, Topeka, Kans.

What in the world is the matter with Hollywood producers? They don't even know a star when they see one anymore. I'm speaking of Preston Foster in particular. He has everything any of the top-rating stars have: looks, personality and acting ability—and yet they insist on putting him in B pictures.

He's the type of man an average American girl dreams of—her Prince Charming.

On the screen he is natural and you could expect to meet someone like him in everyday life. But, the glamor boys of the screen, like Gable, Payne and Taylor, why it would be like reaching for the moon.

And so I say—give us Preston Foster!

A SCREENLAND READER

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(SUIVEZ MOI)



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AT the first sign of chill, or sneeze, start gargling with this wonderful antiseptic.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

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Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the

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Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs . . . including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

At the First Sign of Trouble

If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated,



THE
SAFE ANTISEPTIC

gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO A WITCH!

from "I Married a Witch," Veronica's and best film, her with co-star Fred March. She beautiful ghost comes back to Freddie—seems obvious incarnation—had caused her burned at the stake! It's a new rôle for the tiny Veronica.



In a very nice way, Veronica Lake is an eerie and impish character!



DEAR Veronica:

Frankly, I can't figure you out!

Of all the stars in Hollywood, you are the real mystery woman. At one moment a charming patrician, talking in a low, well-modulated voice about your baby and your war-bond selling tour. The next, an impish gamin, making naughty faces and kicking up your heels at stupid conventions. Talk about Garbo and Hepburn! You're the enigma of them all, and at your age, too.

On your recent trip to New York, you were the talk of the town. Tiny and terrific, you stopped traffic everywhere you went, tamed fierce reporters, starred in a benefit show, took over the radio. All the time you were the center of attraction—and yet there was a gleam in your eye that made me suspect you were also 'way up in a far corner—on your "I Married a Witch" broomstick, no doubt—looking down on the proceedings with a mocking smile. "Who is this Veronica Lake they are making such a fuss about?" you might be saying. "She's not me, she's some other girl. She has to let her long hair hang loose, and a trifle over one eye. Whereas I prefer it tucked into a snood,

and tidy. *She* seems to enjoy the spotlight, and signing autographs, and wearing exotic clothes. I have my best times when I'm with my husband and my baby. I can't take her seriously, this Lake person, except when I'm working in one of her pictures—and then I'm supposed to be somebody else, anyway. Well, just so long as I keep my sense of humor!"

Which, I ask you, is the real Veronica? I believe it's the intensely sincere girl who sold so many war bonds by the simple plea, "I didn't come here as a movie actress, but as the wife of a man in the U. S. Army and the mother of his child. Those boys are ready to give their lives—that makes anything we might do comparatively insignificant, doesn't it?" Yes, I like to think that was the real Veronica speaking. Not the film enchantress who could, if she were lazy, glide around looking glamorous—but a real person, honest, direct, and vigorous. A big little person, if you ask me, and not a bit of a witch!

Delight Evans

Below, Bob entertaining our boys at Nome camp show. Left, the Hope party landing in Fairbanks, Alaska.

Official photo
U. S. Army Air Corps



BOB HOPE'S ALASKAN DIARY

The biggest story to come out of Hollywood since the war began! Bob's own vivid account of his memorable trip to Alaska and the Aleutians

(As arranged by Jack Holland)

AUGUST 22, 1942—Sergeant Lyle Morain, a friend of mine who used to be in pictures with me, said he thought it would be a good idea if I could make a trip to Alaska to entertain the men up there. He had several friends there and he knew how bad off they were for entertainment. I've been thinking of this for some time now and I'm going to see what can be done. I've spoken to Frances Langford and Jerry Colonna and they have agreed to make the trip with me if the Army consents.

Sept. 6—Looks as though we're all set to go. Jerry's been out buying heavy clothes for us. We can't take too much because there won't be room for a lot of luggage in a plane. I finally was able to convince Jon Hall, Frances' husband, that the trip would be okay for her. So when do

right, is finger-printed for approved passport. Right, below, he is greeted by General Buckner.



Official photo
U. S. Army Air Corps

we start! We've even had our finger-prints taken. They're catching up with me already.

Sept. 7—I can't believe it. Word has just come that the trip is off. Army heads in Alaska have decided that a week and a half—which is as long as we think we can stay—is too short a time, what with the weather and all. But a Hope is never counted out without a fight, so I've wired General Buckner, head of the Army in Alaska: "We're three very disappointed thespians with our galoshes packed. Please reconsider and let us take our chances with the weather."

Sept. 8—I've just heard from General Buckner. The trip is on! My last pictures, "Road to Morocco" and "Star Spangled Rhythm" are in the cans, so I'm free. We're traveling by plane to Seattle. Something tells me that this trip will give me plenty of surprises and a lot to think about from here on in. It's the first time a comedian has gone calling on Eskimos.

Wednesday, Sept. 9—Arrived in Seattle via Pan-American Airways. We plan to leave for Alaska right away.

Just heard that we can't leave as the weather is too bad!

We've been sitting around for two days now, just waiting. Not so good as we want to have every minute possible up there with the boys. And what with the weather as temperamental as a Hollywood glamor girl, we're getting nervous. You'd think at least that the weather would give us radio entertainers a break.

Friday, Sept. 11—At last we have the go-ahead to leave for Alaska. Frances and Jerry have put on their heavy clothes and they look like all they need to be convincing Eskimos is a piece of blubber. But Hope is going to be rugged—if it kills him. Even though I'm shivering in anticipation of the weather up there, I'm not even donning heavy woollens. Don't ask me why.

The trip from Seattle to Fairbanks is magnificent. You've never seen such wonderful scenery. It's like something you read about but never expect to see. The mountains and the glaciers below—well, I'm forced to admit they're better than a date with Hedy Lamarr. So far the trip is off to a wonderful start. I'm feeling more rugged every minute. It's my pioneer blood.

We stop at Prince George and then go on to Juneau. We're going to be picked up (Please turn to page 75)

What happens when Hollywood's favorite child star begins to grow up and get romantic ideas is told in this sparkling story



MAYBE she was the screen's favorite child star, Ann Winters thought rebelliously, so what? Maybe she did have a swimming-pool and her own private soda fountain and a saddle horse and a boat and a car. She'd change all of them for one grown-up party dress and a date with Johnny Kelly and a chance to be her own age. But Harry Fabian, her agent, had made too much money out of Ann's career to allow her to grow up.

Ann didn't even try to conceal her outraged feeling as she glared from Harry to Miss Penticott, the fan writer sent to interview her. She was sixteen, but no one would have guessed it seeing her in that absurd, ruffled sunsuit Harry had brought along with the other kiddie props scattered around her, the doll and the tricycle and the skipping rope artfully arranged around the pool to look as if she'd just dropped them there in her childish play. Window-dressing all of it, to impress Miss Penticott, and she certainly was impressed.

"Oh, what a darling!" she cooed as the photographer took another shot of Ann simpering down on the doll. "The magazine might even use this one on the cover!"

Ann swung the doll menacingly by one leg. Why couldn't she have he-men writers come to interview her? Writers who would respect her years and to whom she could talk of life and love and important things? If she didn't do something fast Harry and her studio would have her still playing kiddie parts when Baby Sandy was in the Old Ladies' Home.

She faced him rebelliously when the interview was over at last and Harry tried to hide his apprehension under a jovial smile. His favorite meal ticket was getting beyond him but he was determined to be in there fighting to the end.

"The studio sent over the script for your next picture," he held on to his smile. "It's *wonderful*!"

"What's the name of it?" Ann demanded suspiciously as Harry took a deep breath and plunged.

"Ann of Honeysuckle Farm!" He tried to sound like Santa Claus bestowing a particularly desired gift. "Isn't that dandy?"

"Another kid picture!" Ann protested. "I won't do it! I

**JANE
WITHERS**



Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

Complete cast and credits of "Johnny Doughboy," a Republic Picture starring Jane Withers, on Page 61



...teen and I'm a woman! And that brings up another point. From now on I intend to be treated like a woman. I want to go out like other girls my age and have dates and boy friends!"

"Shhh!" Harry hissed warningly. "Be quiet, Annie. Don't talk that way. What if your fans should hear you?"

"I hope they do!" Ann stormed. "You keep me put up in this place like a backward child for fear somebody'll find out I don't talk baby talk any more. You made me break up with Johnny Kelly!" She had to stop a minute then to blink back the angry tears. No one knew what it had meant not being able to see Johnny, who had played the juvenile leads in her pictures until the studio was afraid someone would notice Ann had a way of looking at her leading man that certainly wasn't in character with the ten-year-olds she was playing. "You're not an agent!" he went on hotly. "You're a nursemaid, but now you can find yourself another baby."

"Annie, how can you treat me this way?" Harry explored, realizing what the loss of ten percent of Ann's salary would mean to him and wishing her parents were there to help him. "I'll let you call up Johnny Kelly. It's only been a few months since he kicked you. You can go to a movie with him. Through the side door, of course," he added quickly.

"I don't want to go to the movies!" Ann wasn't being appeased any longer. "I don't want to go *any* place through side doors. I want to go in the front doors to dances and parties."

"Annie, you can go to a party," Harry interrupted anticlimactically. "If you'll just make this one picture for Uncle Harry! They've written up your age in this one. Instead of a girl of ten, you're twelve."

"Make it double or nothing," Ann said obstinately. "And call it 'Ann of Honeysuckle Murder Farm.' Then I'll make it. Kid parts are out from now on."

(Please turn to page 60)

In "Johnny Doughboy" Jane plays a famous child actress who runs away when her studio refuses to let her play more grown-up rôles. She comes out of hiding to help a group of juvenile "has-beens" make a come-back in a Junior Victory Caravan show, and discovers her own Johnny Doughboy in the cast. Patrick Brook is Jane's new juvenile lead.



N "JOHNNY DOUGHBOY"





HEDY is the only girl I've ever been seriously in love with, ever asked to marry me," George Montgomery said. "I don't think I'll ever get serious about love again." This was several months ago, one late afternoon in George's trailer parked on the set at 20th Century-Fox. "I'd like to get out of Hollywood," he went on. "Chuck all of this artificial glamor. Everything you do, everything you say gets all muddled up in publicity. And things that really mean something to you get garbled beyond understanding or adjusting." George was completely disgusted. And underneath that disgust was genuine hurt.

"After the war I want to get back to Montana and get me a ranch—live a simple, normal life. That's all I'll ever want. Things don't get all twisted up there. A fellow can go along living his own life the way he wants it—not the way everyone else figures he should live it."

George, since I had probed into the subject, was giving natural vent to pent-up disappointment. A young man, unbelievably good-looking, tall, virile, tanned from the outdoor sun—with everything Hollywood has to offer in his grasp—and then the most important thing of all snatched away!

It had only been a few days since the papers announced that Hedy Lamarr had broken their engagement. And only been a couple of weeks before that I had been congratulating George on his luck! He had assured me he was quite the happiest fellow in the world. But now—Look, I don't feel like talking. Suppose we meet another day when I'm in a better mood," he said. George was restless, embittered, certainly not his usual smiling happy-go-lucky self.

Came the day! Mr. Montgomery, who was having a lay off from his current picture, "Coney Island," picked me up in his big green sports convertible. The same car

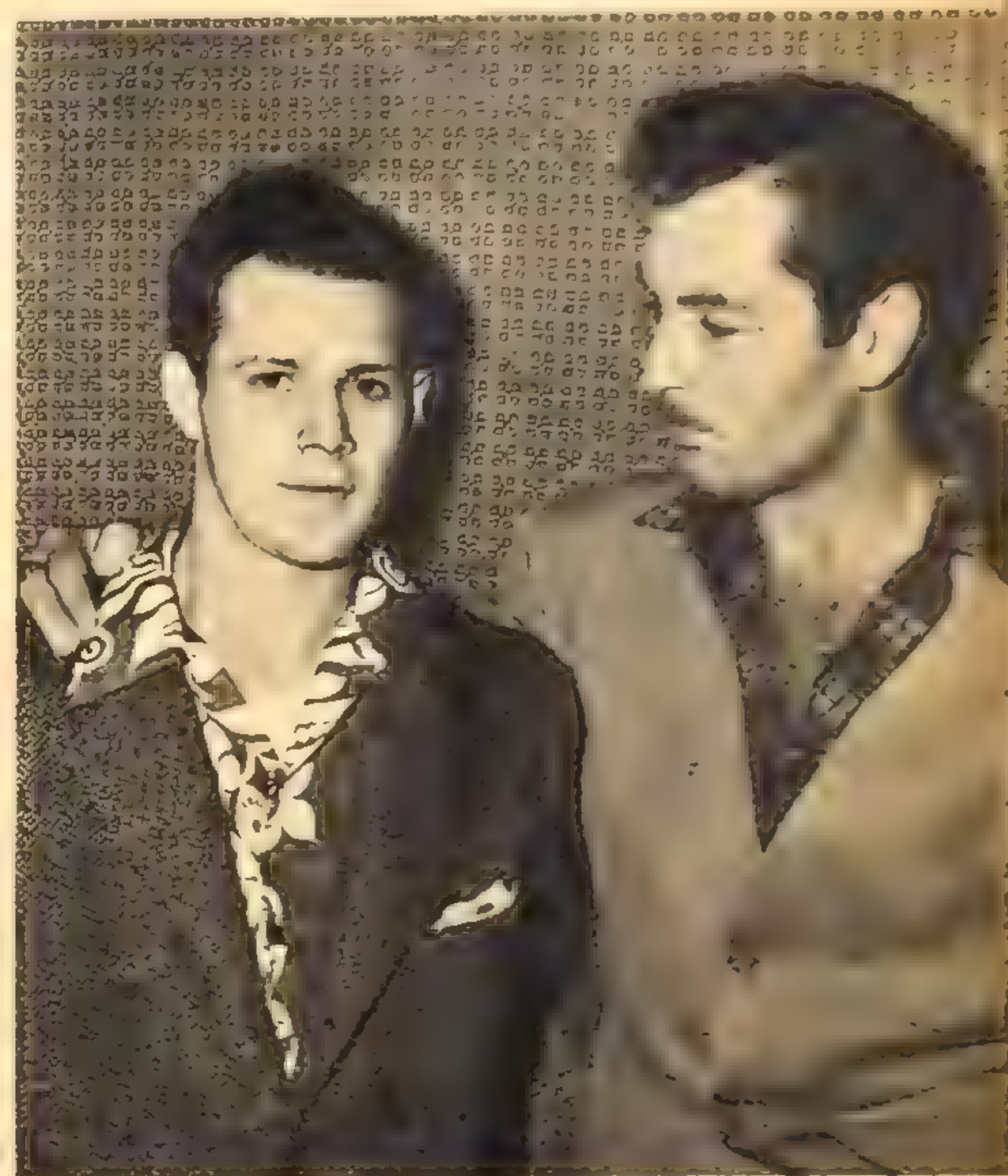
that transported Ginger Rogers and her mother to Ginger's Oregon ranch last fall—and so recently conveyed the glamorous Hedy hither and thither about Hollywood. Nowadays it is the petite Kay Williams, M-G-M starlet, who graces the green leather seat beside George. But Kay was working that day. Kay and George met in the midst of his broken engagement and they've been seeing each other ever since.

"Still want to get out of Hollywood? Feel like chucking your career?" I asked. "You looked pretty happy with Kay Williams at the Tropics the other night."

"Nope," George replied cheerfully. His natural high spirits were back. There was a sparkle in his eyes. The world wasn't such a bad place, after all. "Not until I can make enough money to be independent and can buy that Montana ranch. But I'll be leaving Hollywood anyway. I want to. But for a different reason." (Although George is 3-A with dependents, and hasn't been called by his draft board, he is more than anxious to "join up.")

"Everyone says an actor does his part staying in pictures. That pictures build morale. And being as new as I am on the screen, that I should (*Please turn to page 54*)

Blonde, ex-model Kay Williams is the current gorgeous girl in George's life. At right below, Kay, George, and Mrs. Henry Fonda at a Hollywood premiere. At right, Montgomery with Kay's 21-year-old brother, Vincent—George calls him "Bud." At left below, scene from "China Girl," which co-stars George and Gene Tierney.



George speaks out, for the first time, on the subjects uppermost in his mind and heart!



IS STILL A BACHELOR

By
Rachele Randall 29

MERLE OVER

Scoop! Merle Oberon gives us an exclusive story of her thrilling experience entertaining American soldiers "over there"

**By
Elizabeth
Wilson**

Sir Alexander and Lady Korda leave Buckingham Palace after Sir Alexander had received a knighthood from George. Left, below, as Merle Oberon film star, Lady Korda cheers sailors

London News Agency Photo

WHEN I heard some weeks back that Merle Oberon and Patricia Morison had taken the Clipper for England and Ireland I said, "They're crazy, they're absolutely crazy. I simply can't understand why two girls who like nice things, and who never saw two who could cuddle up to a luxury quicker, should leave their comfortable homes and all this wonderful California sunshine for rain-drenched Ireland and bomb-scarred England. Just one good hardship, I said, and those two sissies will curl up like paper dolls. They're my best friends, mind you, but I wouldn't trust either one of them with a can-opener."

Well, what I don't know!

I ran into Pat the other day at the Columbia studio where she was having a wardrobe fitting for Lester Cowan's "Heart of a City," which stars Merle and Ida Lupino. I must admit, though grudgingly, that Pat didn't look at all shattered, in fact she looked prettier. She was full of praise for Merle. And when one woman has a good word for another woman, after traveling for thousands of miles, and sharing hairpins and toothpaste, you can say is that neither has a bit of the Ilka Chase in her.

"I never saw anyone with such abounding energy as Merle," she said admiringly. "A lot of people in Hollywood have the idea



Visits Our Boys SEAS!

is the silken coverlet type. Well, they should have in her. When there would be a few hours between shows in Ireland, Merle would take me on a long hike, and I mean long. I couldn't figure out how those tiny feet of hers could go so far and so fast. She had me panting trying to keep up with her. The way she would dart across those fields would remind me of *Cathy* striding across the moors in 'Wuthering Heights.' I used to call her *Cathy*. As manager of our troupe she was always worrying that we might overwork, while she was quietly working her fingers to the bone without a murmur. The American and British boys were crazy about her wherever we gave a show. Have you seen the letter the sailors wrote her the day she gave an impromptu show at a naval base somewhere in Ireland? I was with Merle when she read the letter and opened the present they sent her. She cried so hard she had me crying too."

Later I saw the letter. It read: "Dear Miss Oberon, we would like you to accept this small present to show you how much we enjoyed your coming down to visit us today. We feel that your visit was your own idea and we thank you for it. Thank you and (*Please turn to page 57*)



Merle reports that she found our boys very happy in England. Below, with American sailors at the Washington Club, in London. As soon as she completes "Heart of a City" for Columbia Pictures, Merle will catch the first Clipper back to England to remain there for the duration.





CALLING ON THE CARLSON

By

S. R.

Mook

Just as the Carlsons were ready to start building their new house, with only one bedroom, Richard Henry, Jr., put in his bid for a room of his own, so they had to change the plans.

NESTLED high up in the San Fernando hills lies a house resembling one of those pictures in the home-making magazines—the kind of house you and I would like to own but can never afford when we go to look at them. It belongs to the Richard Carlsons.

A private driveway about a quarter of a mile long winds its tortuous way from the main highway up to an almost dizzying height. When I arrived Mr. Carlson, in English tweeds, was conferring with a horticulturist as to the most feasible way of dragging a couple of five ton elm trees up to the yard. No trees grow wild in sunny California and everything in the way of landscaping has to be imported.

The trees disposed of, Mr. C. took me inside for a look-see. The view from the front window—a bay that takes up almost half the wall—was breath-taking. The

opposite side of the room is glass from end to end, looking out on one of the prettiest back-yards I have ever seen. There are hand-blocked green linen drapes that pull all the way across. When the sun sets these drapes are pulled shut.

Mrs. Carlson put in an appearance. "I'm glad you like our house," she smiled pleasantly. "When we came back to California after we were married three years ago we lived in a tiny place that had originally been built as a guest house. We knew we were going to build eventually so we subscribed to all the magazines and for a year we clipped pictures. When we finally were ready to call in an architect we had about a hundred pictures, illustrating features we wanted incorporated. We said, 'We like this window and this staircase, this fireplace and this bathroom. These dressing rooms are nice and we like this



Latest in our exclusive series: Richard Carlson, his wife and baby in their new home, built from a miniature model designed by Dick



long woodwork so much we'll use white pine painted blond throughout the house.' So he knew almost before he started exactly what we wanted. Then, when he finished the plans, Dick made a miniature model so we could see exactly how the house was going to look. That saved us a pile of money because we could see at a glance that a certain room was going to be too small and that closets we had stuck in out-of-the-way corners were not going to be practical. Just as we were about ready to start building, we found that Hank (the baby)—"

"His name's Richard Henry," Mr. Carlson put in. "—was on his way," Mrs. Carlson continued imperiously, "and we discovered, to our horror, we were only going to have one bedroom. So we had to send the plans back to the architect and have him add another bedroom."

"You still haven't a guest room," I pointed out reproachfully.

"Oh," she laughed, "we can always accommodate a guest on the couch in the den and, if it becomes absolutely necessary, we can put another one out on the divan here in the living room. It took the architect an additional two months to figure out how to add on that one room and if we had asked for more we might never have got in here. As it was, they were ten months in the actual building. We only got in last November—about a month before war was declared."

The chandeliers throughout the house are brass and very simple. All of them have frosted shades, except the two in the dining room that have clear glass hurricane shades.

There are two small halls at either end of the large living room. They are covered with matching hooked rugs the Carlsons had made. "We had the year woven into them," Dick remarked, "because some day *they'll* be antiques."

One hall leads to the dining room and kitchen, the other to the staircase and bedrooms.

The entire house is a dream place but it was that living room that got me. "This bay window," Dick explained, "will eventually have a tomato red window seat running all around it."

The drum table in the window is chestnut and is a replica of a very old one our hosts saw and coveted. The original, however, cost \$500, which they wouldn't pay. They thriftily hopped around, found some old chestnut wood and had the duplicate made at a fraction of the cost of the original.

The big lamp by the fireplace is a converted tobacco jar with a parchment shade. The (Please turn to page 71)

First pictures show most interesting views of the Carlson home, fully described in our story. The kitchen, right, is Dick's pride and joy. "We know that all good parties end in the kitchen," he says, "so we might as well face it and make it as attractive as we possibly could!"



WHAT SHOULD WAR WIVES DO FOR DATES? HOLLYWOOD'S VIEWS!



**"OUT" FOR THE DURATION! ELABORATE
GOWNS ONCE WORN BY LORETTA YOUNG**

DANCING, night clubs, and parties are restricted social activities for girls without escort whether it's New York, Hollywood, or Omaha, Nebraska. Like any other young American wife whose husband is in the service, a Hollywood glamor girl faces the same problems. Being a popular big name star doesn't offset loneliness.

"I'm in exactly the same spot as millions of other girls, wives, sweethearts and mothers, whose men are away in the war," Jane Wyman told me. Jane sat down in a corner of the big chintz divan in the English living room of her new home. Hers and Ronnie's. The house Jane and Ronald Reagan began planning on their honeymoon. "We saved religiously to build this house. You've no idea the little luxuries we denied ourselves," Jane added.

Just as they moved in Ronnie donned his uniform as Second Lieutenant in the Cavalry, a commission he had held for five years, and responded to the call of the colors.

"Ronnie was sent to San Francisco at Fort Mason and changed over to the Air Corps. I was left to buy furniture, pay off builders, keep books and accounts, run the house and take care of the baby. Of course, I am glad to do it," Jane hastily added. "I am glad to do everything I can. But Ronnie has always taken charge of everything. I have always leaned so much on him.

"The first week Ronnie was gone I called him every night. The daytime wasn't so bad. I have so much to do. But at night sitting up here looking down on the twinkling lights of Hollywood, with the stars and moon and everything so close, I would get terribly lonesome."



**"IN" FOR DURATION! QUIET EVENING
AT HOME WITH FRIENDS, CHILDREN**

rank opinions, fearlessly expressed, on a question concerning almost every wife and sweetheart in our free America

By May Mann

Ronnie. Here I was, right where we had dreamed planned of being—only he wasn't with me.

On the telephone Ronnie would assure me that moon was just as big over San Francisco's Golden Gate, and that he was looking at the same stars. I hid my pillow was wet with tears many nights. But I didn't tell him.

The first week-end I took the train and went up to see him. Ronnie met me. We registered at a moderately priced hotel, with a service rate for officers. It was just like being on another honeymoon. There were hundreds of girls visiting their husbands.

The next week I took the baby. Maureen is nine-months old. She wouldn't let Ronnie out of her sight. Every time now, when she sees a man in uniform, she goes running after him calling 'Da-Da.' I'm hoping it will be Daddy.

Of course I couldn't continue commuting to San Francisco from Hollywood. Then Ronnie was transferred to Nevada. So I have had to settle down and face the problem of being a war wife with lonely longings.

Before Ronnie left, he called Eddie Albert, who had been one of our closest friends since we all made 'The Rat.' 'For goodness' sake,' Ronnie said to Eddie, 'see that Jane gets to go out once in a while. Take her to dinner and give her a chance to wear some of her pretty clothes.'

Lots of the girls have friends escort them. But for me it has been a little different. I go with the Bennys and some of our married friends. With them I don't feel like the fifth wheel on a cart. We go to movies, ball games, and (Please turn to page 65)



Ellen Drew, wife of Army officer overseas, has registered nurse Winnie Spruston as her duration companion (left, facing page). Loretta Young, above, often takes care of her six-year-old nephew, Carter Herman, Jr. Jane Wyman Reagan, top right, is another Hollywood war wife who finds solace and companionship in children.



Ann Sothern is the girl Bob Sterling leaves behind him when he joins up.

**Robert Sterling is your boy
friend, your brother, your so
—typical American who just
happened to become an actor**

By Romaine



YOUNG MISTER AMERICA

THE day we moved into the studio the truck driver and I had to wait until a bevy of young ladies and a handsome young man took themselves out of the roadway. The young man was dressed in good tweeds and the sun made him look all bronze. The girls were holding up autograph books and the handsome young man was writing his name in them.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Search me," the truckman said. "But he's doin' all right."

As we passed through the gate I asked the policeman.

"—Name's Bob Sterling," he said. "New boy. Just finished a 'Maisie.' He's doin' all right."

So his name was Bob Sterling and he was "doin' all right." That's what they said. But the casting office said he most certainly was NOT doin' all right. He was very sick in the hospital. He simply couldn't make that inter-

view with the director, my boss. They didn't know *when* he'd be able to make it.

Then, as if in perfect timing with the red light flashing the signal the moment the receiver rested on its latch the young man made his entrance. He gave me a big smile and said, "I'm Bob." Whereupon he almost choked.

"Bob? Not Sterling—"

"Yep," he answered apologetically and pointed to his throat. "Operation—tough time—don't talk much—"

"You ought to be in bed."

"Yep, that's where the doctor thinks I am."

No, sir. He certainly wasn't doin' all right. He was pale and I wouldn't have recognized him as the young man by the gate.

"Please have my chair," I told him. The only other chair in the office had a wardrobe man with several dozen overcoats for Clark Gable on it. (Please turn to page 70)

WUK!

Red Skelton and
Frances Rutherford are
starring in the tender
comedy "Whispering
in Dixie,"
which presents Red
as the same hilarious
detective of his first
movie hit, "Whispering
in the Dark."



M-G-M



Exclusive candid photos on this page show Alan Ladd on the set at Paramount studios while making "Lucky Jordan." Ladd, a likable, easy-going chap, is very popular with his fellow workers. At left, with Helen Walker, new beauty from the New York stage who won the lead opposite Ladd in her first movie. At right, rehearsing dialogue with character actress Mabel Paige.



LUCKY LADD!

grabs off all
the good rôles
and the prettiest
girls to play
opposite him!
Alan Ladd looks
like '43's big star

"Lucky Jordan" Ladd
is a racketeer who is
kicked into the Army.
When he finds this is one
he can't chisel his
way out of, he goes
MIA—but his dor-
mant patriotism is final-
ly aroused when he be-
comes tangled up in a
stage plot. He turns
out to be a good sol-
dier and wins the girl.



As dramatic as his rôle of Raven in
"This Gun For Hire" is Ladd's latest.



Softening up a hard character! Helen
Walker's wiles at work on Alan Ladd.



The double-breasted, bright red wool suit, with Persian lamb collar, above, which Miss Morgan calls her holiday cheer suit, is warm enough for the coldest days. Michele can also wear the jacket with a black skirt. The high style beret is in matching red and has a black tassel. Above, right, this suit in Christmas green, with natural shoulder line, brief semi-fitted jacket with hand-crocheted high pockets and buttons, is also interchangeable. The hostess gown of green velvet, right, with softly draped bodice and skirt, and accented at midriff and sleeves with brilliantly colored sequin motif, is Michele's one real extravagance. She says every girl must have glamor and in it she feels like a glamor girl.

Costumes from I. Magnin, Los Angeles, Calif.

Michele Morgan's War-Time Trousseau

Clothes that are smart and durable take the spotlight in the plans of present-day brides. This glimpse into the trousseau of Michele Morgan, the bride of actor William Marshall, gives some interesting and useful suggestions which may be applied to any girl's wardrobe





A jacket with patch pockets and a slim skirt in beige corduroy, highlighted with red accessories, above, is Michele's sport ensemble choice. The jacket may be combined with slacks, and the skirt with other jackets. Above, left, a green hand-knit frock. Michele doesn't feel this is an extravagance as it can be worn for sports; as a cocktail dress; and for traveling, with the nutria coat, brown fur felt hat, and brown alligator bag. She calls it her "for the duration frock." Left, black crepe dress with draped skirt and rhinestone belt, which she'll wear all winter for cocktails and dinner, under her fur jacket, by varying belts. Her hat is a "beanie," which she changes with feathers, flowers, or pins.



Priorities, L-85, hold no terror for Michele Morgan, a French girl, victim of the war in Europe, with first-hand knowledge of the suffering and great human needs of the world today. In planning her wardrobe, Miss Morgan gave much thought to today's changing conditions. Since gas rationing is playing havoc with her career as well as her social life, Michele selected costumes that she could wear from early morn until she returned home at night. All clothes are interchangeable. Michele can switch her jackets and skirts, and make any number of novel outfits by wearing odd jackets over simple dresses. Coordinated color combinations make this possible. All costumes come under the new government ruling

Presenting:

Benny Goodman plays the accompaniment for these famous "long-stemmed American beauties" as they parade in a big new picture that glorifies their charm.

Eloise Hart from Lawton, Oklahoma (right) and Barbara Slater of New York (below) are just two of the bevy of gorgeous gals in "The Powers Girl." The top stars of the show are George Murphy and Anne Shirley.

Photos by
Charles
—Un



THE POWERS GIRLS



Three more lovelies: Patricia Mace, above; Jayne Hazard (1940 Baby Star) at left; and Ermadean Walters, below. Featured in "The Powers Girl": Carole Landis, Dennis Day and Alan Mowbray





LOVE!

Dignified devotion distinguishes the romantic scenes between Greer Garson and Ronald Colman in "Random Harvest." Love is real and love is earnest with these two James Hilton characters.

M-G-M

James Craig and new-
comer Pamela Blake are
featured in M-G-M's West-
ern, "The Omaha Trail."



AM JUST A JOE!"—JAMES CRAIG

**"90% of the guys in the world are
just Joes, trying to get along"**

By Fredda Dudley

JAMES CRAIG, asked to describe himself in one sentence, said, "Well, I'm just a Joe." When asked to amplify this, he said with a twinkle, "Ninety percent of the guys in the world are just Joes, trying to get along. Working pretty hard, playing as much as they can afford, not expecting too many things of life."

This particular Joe is six feet three, and weighs around 170 pounds. He has a warm, steady pair of brown eyes, dazzlingly white teeth, almost Indian-bronzed skin, and a fund of sound Texas philosophy. Although he was born in Tennessee, he was brought up and schooled in Texas, and that is a state known to waste no time in branding a lusty man for her very own.

As far back as Jimmy can remember, he's been "earning the jingle in my own pockets." By this he means that, although his father was comfortably well off, Jimmy wanted his independence. "Brother, it always went against the grain to ask my dad for money. I wanted to do my own rustling."

At the immature age of 8, Jimmy decided that he'd like to learn to play the piano, so he snagged himself a paper route, thus paying for his own lessons. He attained

enough prowess to play a couple of duets with his sister (two years older) at a recital, and he remembers sitting stiffly on the piano bench, exercising his digits while his sister counted under her breath to keep him on beat. While he sat there, his most acute desire was to grow legs long enough to kick the treads in his sister's stead, so that he'd have something to do with feet that seemed hotter than the footlights.

Shortly after this epochal concert, spring broke and Jimmy's practice was interrupted by the local baseball team at his window. Much as he loved music, he couldn't deprive the team of the best short-stop in the grade school league. This explains why "Craig" isn't a name to stand up beside "Iturbi."

He still loves music, Debussy being his favorite. He hates boogie-woogie, and too much brass gives him a headache—hence few Craig appearances at hot spots. He dotes on folk songs like *Home On The Range*, *The Eyes Of Texas Are Upon You*, and *Ol' Black Joe*. He says about folk music—and this is a sample of the type of epigram that makes Señor Craig one of the most interesting conversationalists (Please turn to page 72

Big and little bundles of beauty guaranteed to add that sparkle of happiness both to the giver and to lucky girls who get them

Christmas



Three lovelies from Dorothy Gray—two sweet suggestions that it would be wonderful to receive alone or together: "Sweet Suggestion" Cologne, and "Sweet Suggestion" Dusting Powder. Inside the special plaything in the foreground, is a vial of Flutter Perfume. The fan harbors three fluttery balls forever slipping out of their sockets, challenging you to be able to put them back in to their own places again.



"Vigilante" by Coty—the kit of kits, packed with so many useful creams, lotions and make-up, you can hardly believe it. There is a long strap so you can sling it over your shoulder if you like, or pack it compactly into the smallest corner. "Ready for anything," it says, and means it. Notice the thoughtful funnel for refills.

"Well girls, which shall it be?" So Alexis Smith puts the question, with two good answers from the House of Westmore to solve your make-up problems. In one you find foundation cream, powder, lipstick, dry rouge, eyebrow pencil; in the other, and for half the price, there's face powder, foundation cream and skin freshener. If it is hard to decide between them, why not choose both? They're beauties!



Lentheric christens glittering package, Three Merry Messengers. A trio of Bouquet of Graces: Miracle, C. fetti, and Tweed. three characteristic Lentheric bottles grouped inside a box that is blue and snowy branches through which gay stars sparkle. Tied on top of the box is a silver ribbon bow.

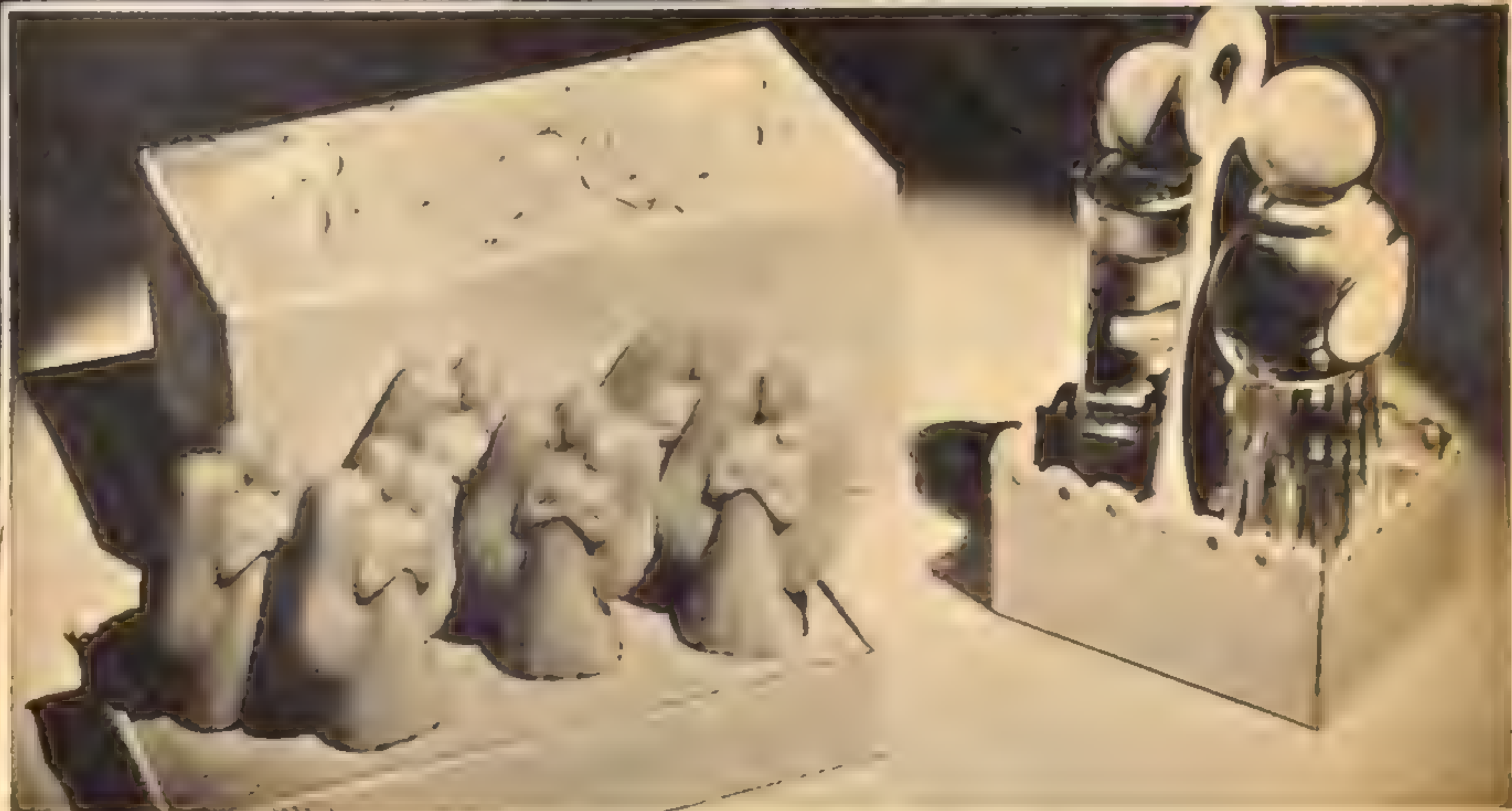
Give you three guesses as to what is contained in this amusing package. Underneath the colorful fluff on top, you'll find the most delicate and romantic perfume! Moonlight Mist is what the Princess Gourielli calls it—a soft bouquet of the pure fragrance of flowers that have been enchanted with moonlight magic. It works magic for you!



Spirit of '42



Yanki Clover, the great American fragrance. That's what Ward Hudnut calls toiletries in this delicious meadow-scent, here packaged for Christmas. Inside the gaily decorated box, there's Yanki Clover Toilet Water (with that clover stopper), Talcum in the big convenient stick and a tiny vial of perfume. Particularly appropriate for Christmas giving in the generous American spirit of '42.



Soapy little angels for the house, and a cruet of toilet waters! These soap angels are fragrant with Heaven Scent perfume and you'll be surprised and pleased with the way they snuggle to your hand, as well as at the creamy lather they dispense. In the smart cruet is a bottle of Helena Rubinstein's famous Apple Blossom Cologne teamed with one of Heaven Scent Cologne—sweet, to match the soapy angels. Appropriate as gift sets or singly.



Here's Revlon's Ration Card Beauty Case. Take out the nail polish, remover, and Revlon lipstick, and you've a genuine leather case lined with checkered rayon to carry in your handbag. Compartments for defense stamps, cards and compact.



Pretty Anne Gwynne looks mighty pleased with this gorgeous Max Factor "Gift from Hollywood." It's a big make-up treasure box filled with what it takes to make and to keep you lovely looking. We think some girl will be lucky.



A breath of Yuletide is caught in Shulton's Sewing Box. Beneath that pin-cushioned lid are toiletries scented with the lingering fragrance of Old Spice. It's a keep-box, too, for a long time to come.

This one is a neat trick for a pretty finger—the Dura-Gloss Manicure Bag. It is a darling red and blue pouchette piped in contrasting color. Inside you find polish, remover and manicure essentials. Very smart!





HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Gossip by Weston East
Candid by Jean Duval



THAT local columnist is certainly doing a lot of romancing for Ann Sheridan. First, it was printed that Ann was being seen with man-about-town Ivan Goff. Ivan is a writer at Warners. After reading the item, Ann said, "Point him out to me. As long as I'm supposed to be going with him, I'd like to know what he looks like." Then the same columnist printed that it was Ann and Tony Martin. Said Ann, "The closest I've ever been to Tony Martin, was listening to him sing on the radio."

THEME song for Reggie Gardiner: "Goodbye, girls, I'm through." After eight years of Hollywood free-lancing he's about to marry and settle down. Nadia Petrova is the lucky little lady. In his Hollywood day, Reggie escorted Hedy Lamarr, Marlene Dietrich, Mary Brian, Frances Robinson, Olivia de Havilland and Carole Landis—to name a few. "The Gardiner escort bureau is out of business," says Reggie.

Top, Edward Arnold looks on while Jack Oakie and Joe Louis exchange autographs; and, below, Betty Grable gives her signature to two sailors at a benefit football game. Bud Abbott and Lou Costello do a dance with guest-star Veronica Lake after their broadcast. Below, right, John Payne and Jane Russell get set for some skating fun.

HOLLYWOOD shall long remember the tremendous courage of Mrs. Joe E. Brown. The day she received news that her beloved son, Captain Don Brown, had died in a plane crash in the line of duty, she was due at the canteen to make sandwiches. She arrived on schedule. She stood the entire day making sandwiches and never once did she give in to her breaking heart. Other members of the canteen were so touched they'd sneak off into the back room and give in to their tears. Since the sad news Joe E. Brown has lost much weight. He keeps everything inside, which makes twice as touching.

IT'S NO secret that Bette Davis was a pretty miserable girl when Miriam Hopkins worked with her in "The Old Maid." The Hopkins outbursts of temper and temperament forced Bette to vow she would never be in a picture with Miriam again. Then along came the script of "Old Acquaintance." Bette read it three times. Each time she could only think of one actress clever enough and completely right for the other sister. Bette went to the front office and said: "Miriam is so right for the part. The picture really needs her." To make a long story have a happy ending, Miriam, who hasn't had many picture offers of late, got the job. Hats off to Bette Davis!





They're all good skates—Bud and Lou, who threw the party, for trying to show the girls some fancy skating; Linda Dornell and Lana Turner, for trusting themselves in the hands of the clowns.

Thrown by a pair of skates! Lana Turner and hubby Steve Crane have a hearty laugh after a spill. Host Lou Costello, who thinks it's funny, too, comes to the rescue and helps them back on their skates.

JUDY GARLAND'S dream house has a temporary "out of order" sign, tacked on front door. Hubby Dave Rose has gone to the Air Corps. This leaves Judy all alone, that is, unless she wants to move back with her mother. But she doesn't. She's setting up a home for Dave just the same. By this time it's an apartment and closer to shops and markets.

THE Richard Carlsons are talking over a deal with the stork. They don't want little Frank Carlson to grow up an only and spoiled child. So don't be surprised if one day you hear that Richard is enlarging the nursery.

HOLLYWOOD is glad that the Mickey and Ma Rooneys have reconciled. Unverified reports had it that Mickey settled seventy-grand, monthly alimony, the furniture in their Wilshire Boulevard apartment and his Lincoln car on his bride when she walked out. Mickey really was dazed by the whole procedure. Mutual friends insist that he was carrying a torch a mile high. Well, we're trying it again as you read this.

MARGARET SULLAVAN tells this one on herself. She spent an entire evening dancing at the Hollywood Canteen. Maggie, as you know, looks and acts about as much like a movie star off-screen, as your own Aunt Emma. "Say, Ma-a-am," said a Texas boy, who was showing La Sullivan how to cut a mean rug, "if you see any movie stars, would you please point 'em out? I gotta get an autograph from one to prove to the folks back home that I really saw one."

WHEN M-G-M teamed Fred Astaire with Eleanor Powell, they reportedly weren't too pleased with the box-office results. Word got back to Fred that the Astaire-Powell picture didn't gross what they had expected. Fred wasn't too concerned, because the picture would have been much different if he had been allowed to have his way. And Fred *does* know his musicals. He's proved it once again, too. M-G-M has just offered him a five-year term contract. The price mentioned is staggering. 20th Century-Fox is after him, too. Fred isn't making up his mind in a hurry.



The secret is out. Betty Grable, above, looks into the matter of where the eleven spare footballs, which Jack Oakie passed out during a play, came from. Left, Randolph Scott, George Montgomery, Rita Hayworth, Lee Forest, Jack La Rue and John Wayne watch the aerial acrobatic performances after the first half.



THE Actors' Home is now a reality. Hollywood can take a deep bow. All the cottages were endowed except one. When Bette Davis heard this, she saved enough out of the salary she was donating for a Hollywood Canteen broadcast and endowed the last cottage. A personal inspection tour, conducted by Jean Hersholt, sent some of our present-day stars back to Hollywood drenched in their own tears. This needn't have been. The old-time actors and actresses in the home couldn't be happier with the wonderful treatment given.



THEY told Nancy Coleman that she'd never be a hit on the screen. She wasn't a great beauty. She didn't have a Betty Grable figure. She wasn't reeking with sex appeal. Then they saw the rushes on "Edge Of Darkness." The studio biggies called a quick meeting and got their heads together. Result, Nancy gets a huge publicity and advertising campaign. When they spend this kind of money in these trying times, you know a gal must have something pretty special. By the way, Tonio Selwart, New York stage actor, certainly thinks so!

Above: right, Andy McLaglen sits one out with Sheila Ryan at the Abbott-Costello party; left, Carole Landis, with some good Army backing, gives out autographs at the Hollywood Canteen. Below: right, Deanna Durbin and Martha O'Driscoll are surrounded by autograph-seeking soldiers and sailors at the Canteen, while Alexis Smith joins Bob Foulk in a snack, left. Which reminds us that we were wrong in reporting in a recent issue that Alexis had married Craig Stevens. Sorry! They are still engaged.

THE war has certainly changed the domestic set-up in many a Hollywood home. For example, the Henry Fondas have so their home to the Paul Henreids. Franc Fonda just couldn't remain in it with Hank. The beautiful Bob Montgomery home has been bought by Franchot Tor. It took years for Betty Montgomery to collect the antiques and furnishings for the lovely place. But memories don't always make the best living companions. She prefers new surroundings until Bob's job with Uncle Sam is a thing of the past.



RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!

MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia. The screen version of the long-running Broadway play is a long laugh, as it pictures two sisters from Columbus, Ohio, in the Big City, their struggles to succeed as writer and actress. Rosalind Russell gives her gayest performance as the big sister, with Janet Blair a bewitching *Eileen*. Brian Herne is in it, too. Don't miss this.

BORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Warners. Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan prove a quant team as Mr. and Mrs. in this amusing satirization of the Kaufman-Hart stage play. Ann and Jack, a city couple, run into comic implications when they buy and remodel an old farmhouse, where Washington reputedly once slept. This will give you some hearty laughs.

ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount. Bing and Bob are on the road again. This time it leads to Morocco where they meet Dorothy Lamour, a princess, and very seductive in Oriental raiment, who throws over her sheik for Crosby and Hope. If you liked the other "Road" films, don't miss this—it's funnier than the first two. It's snappy, gay; will put you in a cheery mood.

PAKE ISLAND—Paramount. This stirring screen drama of the Marines' heroic stand, based on actual records, will move and thrill you. It sweeps to its terrific climax—the "defeat"—a handful of gallant men which was really a triumph of fighting courage. Brian Donlevy and William Bendix head a superb cast.

HOW, VOYAGER—Warners. Women will like this drama of suppressed desires, in which the inhibited daughter of a domineering mother fights for the freedom to live her own life. It's the best Bette Davis movie in a long time. Paul Henreid, as the lover, Claude Rains, as her doctor, and Gladys Cooper, tops in a fine cast.

FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M. A sentimental film musical about the old vaudeville days, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy and troupers touring the sticks with an eye on the Palace. Song-and-dance acts are well done. Old favorite tunes will bring back memories to oldtimers and thrill youngsters. Judy gives a knockout performance as the girl who gives up boyfriend Gene (also a hit in his rôle) because he's unpatriotic. You must see this fine film.

MRS. MINIVER—M-G-M. Jan Struther's book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been made into a great motion picture. It's a masterful message of courage and a fundamental lesson in fortitude. Greer Garson rises to heights in a poignant performance. Walter Pidgeon is splendid as the husband.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—Sam Goldwyn-U.A. This splendid screen tribute to a great American has deep emotional appeal, stressing the private life of the Lou Gehrigs rather than the excitement of his public career, but the most rabid baseball fan will enjoy it. Gary Cooper gives a great performance as Gehrig. Teresa Wright, as Mrs. Gehrig, and Babe Ruth, as himself, also excellent. The great American sport glorified.

FLYING TIGERS—Republic. Exciting melodrama based upon the exploits of the American Volunteer Group, those intrepid airmen who, before Pearl Harbor, patrolled the skies over China. A good straightforward story centers on the courage of the Squadron Leader (John Wayne at his robust best), his resourcefulness in keeping his outnumbered planes in the air and his romance with a nurse, Anna Lee. John Carroll is good as the cocky, daredevil flyer.

THE HARD WAY—Warners. Ida Lupino dominates this adult drama of theatrical life in the rôle of a coldly ambitious girl who craves fame not for herself but for her younger sister. Joan Leslie lends freshness though little dramatic fervor to the ingenue rôle. Dennis Morgan as the man in the case is sufficiently suave and handsome to carry off an unbelievable part.

THE FOREST RANGERS—Paramount. Spectacular forest fires and a parade in Frontier Day style are the thrilling sights of this story of a Forest Ranger who tries to find those guilty of setting fires in Picayune Canyon. Fred MacMurray is seen as the Ranger and Paulette Goddard and Susan Hayward as the girls in his life. All performances good. See it.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE—United Artists. W. Somerset Maugham's famous novel of the great artist who lived and loved so ruthlessly, has been made into an absorbing motion picture, with George Sanders in the rôle of the middle-aged painter and heart-breaker who finds fulfillment at last in Tahiti with a native girl. Herbert Marshall and Doris Dudley also give outstanding performances.

WINGS AND THE WOMAN—RKO-Radio. This biographical film, portraying the life of Amy Johnson, is a cavalcade of aviation from 1931 to January, 1941, when the noted flyer lost her life while ferrying bombers to the front. It shows what women are doing in the air to help win the war. Anna Neagle is excellent as Amy and Robert Newton is seen as Jim Mollison, her husband.

ICELAND—20th Century-Fox. The Marines land in Iceland and Sonja Henie, as *Katina*, does everything to "land" Corp. Murfin. She takes his flirtation seriously even though he's not the marrying type, but Sonja skates right into his heart. Sparkling, exquisitely costumed skating sequences with Sonja at her best make up for a weak story. John Payne, fine as the handsome Marine. Jack Oakie on skates is a howl.

HOLIDAY INN—Paramount. This Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire musical romance is swell escape from the doldrums. It is a grand show with new Irving Berlin tunes and inimitable performances by co-stars and cast. Crosby plays a crooner who converts his farmhouse into an inn open only on holidays. Marjorie Reynolds sings and dances charmingly.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—Warners. This story of the late George M. Cohan's life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jimmy Cagney, perfectly cast as the showman, coloring a clever rôle with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excite you to cheers. Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, Rosemary DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

BAMBI—Disney-RKO. Young and old will love, laugh, and cry over Bambi, the deer. Walt Disney's latest cartoon character creation, in this beautiful full-length picture filmed from Felix Salten's famous story of animal life and love in the forest.

BETWEEN US GIRLS—Universal. Diana Barrymore, daughter of the late John Barrymore, proves she has acting ability in this hilarious farce which gives her a chance to play a 21-year-old actress who poses as a child to aid her mother's (Kay Francis) romance with the handsome John Boles. The many character changes make the tempo of the story uneven. Robert Cummings is excellent.

THIS ABOVE ALL—20th Century-Fox. Here is a picture to tear your emotions to shreds. It's the film version of Eric Knight's best-selling novel about England in this war. Joan Fontaine gives a beautiful performance as the girl who joins the W.A.A.F. and falls in love with a Handsome Stranger, played by Tyrone Power.

TALES OF MANHATTAN—20th Century-Fox. Tricky, but terrific. The tale of a top coat told in a series of short, punchy episodes with some of Hollywood's brightest stars—Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton and Edward G. Robinson—at their best.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Paramount. Don't miss this! It's the gayest, most original comedy in months, with Ginger Rogers giving a grand performance as a wise gal who crashes a military academy disguised as a 'teenager and creates a sensation among cadets, not to mention the Major, Ray Milland.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—20th Century-Fox. First of a series that brings Sherlock Holmes, Sir A. C. Doyle's famous sleuth, out of retirement to combat activities of saboteurs directed by a mysterious broadcasting station. Basil Rathbone, as Holmes, and Nigel Bruce as his pal, Dr. Watson, pursue clues and expose the Nazi behind the spy ring. Has mystery and suspense, and acting is good.

MANILLA CALLING—20th Century-Fox. A thrilling, action-filled movie about a handful of American radio men who are caught in the Philippines by the Jap invasion. It's exciting, even though the story doesn't always ring true. Lloyd Nolan, as the leader of the group gives a good performance. Cast also has Carole Landis, James Gleason and Cornel Wilde.

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU—M-G-M. Clark Gable's final film before he enlisted in the Air Corps presents him as a dynamic war correspondent. The rôle is tailored to his lusty talents, and with Lana Turner as the girl whom he alternately browbeats and embraces it's a field-day for Gable fans. It's timely, tense and tough, and you'll enjoy its melodramatic escapes and rescues from Indo-China to the Philippines.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-Fox. If you like musicals, here's one you must see. It's a lavishly produced song and dance film about the leading man of a musical show (Victor Mature), who falls for a chorine (Betty Grable), makes her a star, and then learns she's married to another actor (John Payne). It's gay, has catchy tunes and spectacular dance routines. Fine work by its stars.

DESPERATE JOURNEY—Warners. The adventures of five RAF flyers, who escape when they are shot down over Germany, are recorded in this exciting film. The cocky, amusing way the boys (Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Arthur Kennedy, Alan Hale, Ronald Sinclair) mow down the Nazis is great stuff. Kids (and a lot of grown-ups, too) will cheer them. All fine performances.

ORCHESTRA WIVES—20th Century-Fox. A treat for jitterbug and jukebox addicts, this film musical has the colorful background of a touring "name" band (Glen Miller's) plus the human interest of the trials and tribulations of a trumpeter's wife to provide authentic atmosphere. George Montgomery and Ann Rutherford as the young couple, Lynn Bari as a siren, and Cesar Romero as a suave pianist, give good performances.

THIS GUN FOR HIRE—Paramount. Lusty melodrama about a ruthless killer and how he atones by catching up with fifth columnists. Plenty of excitement. Its fast and furious action will have you on the edge of your seat. Veronica Lake does her best acting so far, but newcomer Alan Ladd steals the show. Don't miss it.

THE PIED PIPER—20th Century-Fox. A war story which concerns itself chiefly with the experiences of an old man (Monty Woolley), who is asked to act as convoy to some children, to help get them out of the war zone. Woolley is excellent as the grumpy old Englishman; Anne Baxter, good as the girl who helps him; Roddy McDowell, splendid as one of the boys. You really should see this.

PANAMA HATTIE—M-G-M. The film version of the Broadway hit musical has Ann Southern as *Hattie*, Canal Zone entertainer. The story doesn't hold well together because it's presented as a revue of separate vaudeville-type acts and specialty skits. Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue are funny as *Hattie's* sailor pals, but more of Red's own brand of nonsense would have snapped it up.

THE BIG STREET—RKO-Radio. Damon Runyon's sentimental tale about a bus boy (Henry Fonda) who worships a selfish nightclub entertainer (Lucille Ball), has human interest, good comedy by typical Broadway characters and Runyon-type dialogue, but it's an unconvincing story. Fonda and Miss Ball make the most of their rôles. Cast also has Barton MacLane, Eugene Palette, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra.

BELLS OF CAPISTRANO—Republic. Gene Autry's farewell film for the duration. (He's in the Army Air Corps now.) It's about the rivalry between two traveling rodeos, both ambitious to get the contract for the Capistrano festival. This doesn't have as much action as most Autry films; but that won't matter to Gene's fans—not when he sings five songs. It has a rousing patriotic finale; and Smiley Burnette clowns, as usual.

CAREFUL—SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century-Fox. An espionage drama which concerns itself with the activities of Nazi agents in America. Virginia Bruce is cast as a flighty girl who becomes involved with spies and gives them valuable information, believing them to be Uncle Sam's men. James Ellison plays Virginia's boy friend. Cast works hard, but fails to make story convincing. Has suspense, excitement and a few laughs.

HERE WE GO AGAIN—RKO-Radio. This is definitely aimed at radio fans and it's doubtful if others will find it entertaining. Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen, Ray Noble, Ginny Simms and other stars of the air waves appear in it as themselves and as characters they portray on the radio. Most sequences are separate skits. It tells about how McGee gets involved in a shady deal which accidentally turns out okay.



FIRST PICTURES
of
BETTY GRABLE
in
"CONEY ISLAND"

Scoop scenes of Betty Grable in her current film, "Coney Island," in which she plays a charming entertainer at that famed resort which forms background of the story

On these pages we present the very first views from 20th Century-Fox's screen presentation about the hurly-burly summer colony from which the motion picture gets its title, showing Betty as a 1905 glamor girl, and, below right, in a scene with co-star George Montgomery.





Why George Montgomery is Still a Bachelor

Continued from page 29

stick as long as I can until I am called. For I'll probably be forgotten afterwards. But the way I feel about it, no individual should consider himself. For if we don't fight this fight to the finish, there may not be any Hollywood to come back to!

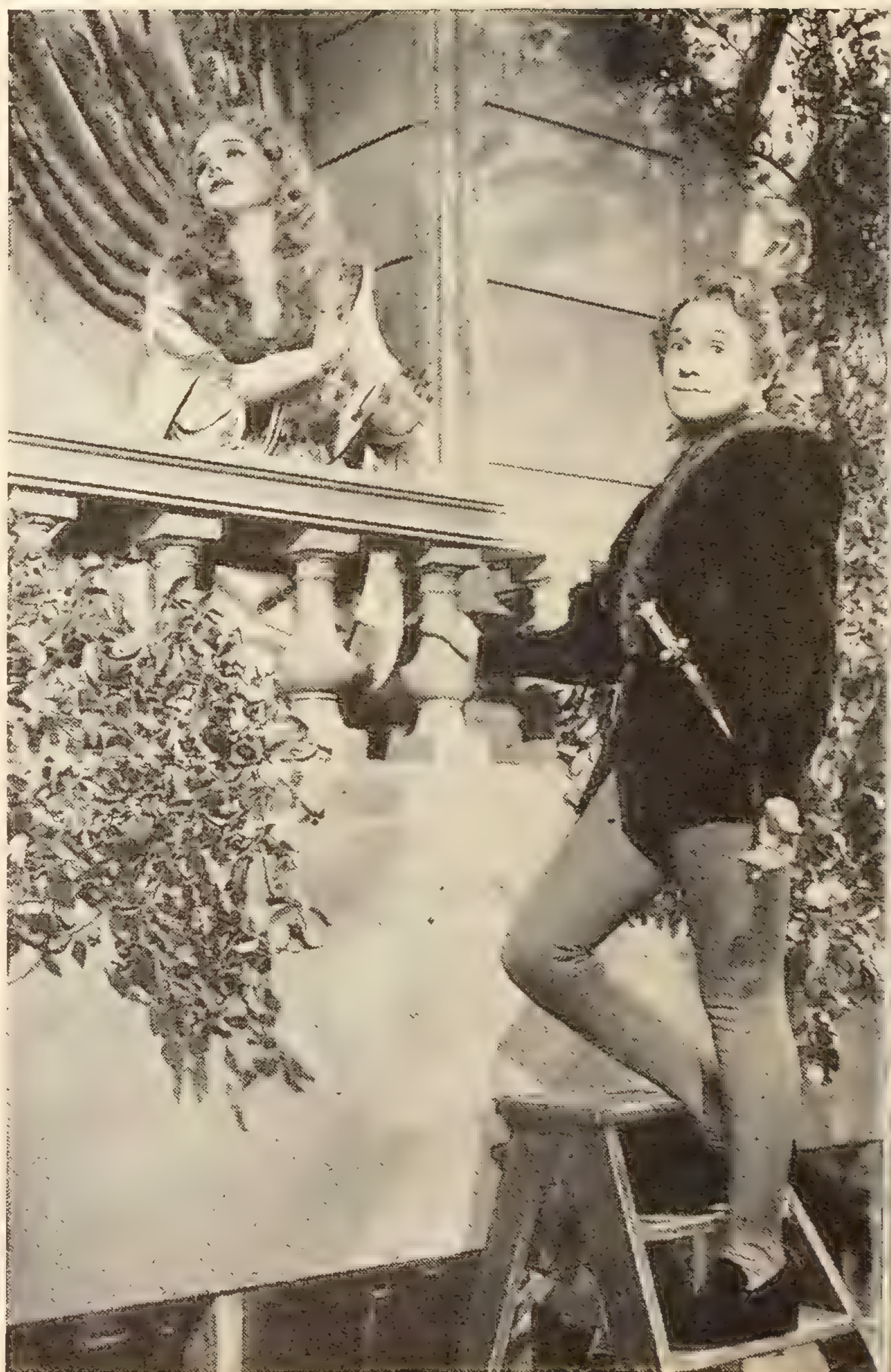
"I've been going to navigation classes four nights a week for the last two months," he said. "I'm hoping to enlist in the Naval Air Corps. But I'm not supposed to say much about that. There's too much uncertainty. Some fellows say they are going into the Army or the Navy and they enlist. And some are turned down for bad eyes or other physical defects. Then everyone wonders why they aren't in uniform—when they said they were going to be.

"A friend of mine, the other day, working at one of the other studios, enlisted. He was given a farewell party. Sold his car, gave away his suits, his books, and personal belongings, and rented his apartment. What happened? A week later he was back. He'd been rejected due to an unsuspected heart condition.

"It's worse with an actor. For the minute he says he's going, all that publicity starts. If there should be any trip-up you can see how embarrassing it would be. But believe me I want to go and as soon as possible. I would like to finish my navigation course first. Then I will be fit to do something."

Lucky that Kay Williams has a sense of humor about publicity, I thought as we

When two important screen stars like Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan take time out to pose for special photos like these, depicting great lovers of history, that is news. Above, as the noted lovers, Mark Antony and Cleopatra, in their Nile River rendezvous, with Cleo about to commit suicide with a teeny-weeny asp and Mark suggesting a bigger snake for a better job. Above, right, their version of the Roman Emperor Nero and his beautiful slave girl. Imagine the old "fiddler" comparing legs with a slave girl. Right, as Romeo and Juliet, history's most famous wooers, but Juliet's aloofness has Romeo Jack puzzled.





At left, Jack and Ann are having a bit of fun doing Napoleon and Josephine, with Jack, as Napoleon, on his knees, pleading for the love of Josephine, contrary to historical facts, which, as you know, relate that it was Josephine who did all the woo-pitching. Below, left, as that strangely exotic love team of Svengali and Trilby, the little thrush who could sing only under old Svengali's hypnotic spell. Below, Mr. Benny and Miss Sheridan in a scrambled comic version of John Alden and Priscilla, with Ann, as Priscilla, doing the proposing while Benny, as Alden, sits coyly at spinning wheel.

drove along. For the morning papers had said that the George Montgomery romance was all off. That he had dated Lynn Bari at the Palladium the night before. Actually George had accompanied Kay's brother Vincent, who is his pal, and who had a date with Lynn. Kay had had to report for canteen duty.

"I suppose it was all of that publicity that mixed up your romance with Hedy," I suggested.

"Now look here!" George said, pulling up to the curb in front of the Cafe De Paris, on the Fox lot. "That is one subject I have not talked about at all. I want to forget it. If you must, you can say that it was all my fault. It's always the man's fault when anything goes wrong between a boy and a girl, isn't it? Let's let it go at that!"

But I haven't known George for three and a half years for nothing. George is not talkative and certainly not about girls. Interviewers usually give up in desperation. Ask him serious questions and he'll laugh back with "Aw, you're kidding!" Especially if they are about love.

"They go away and write fifteen different versions of what I didn't say," George frowned.

"What about Kay Williams?" I cut in. "You've been seeing her for several months now. Is it serious?"

"We're just having fun," George replied. "Kay is not only a beautiful girl, she's got brains. Snappy on the come-back. Always has something interesting to say. She was an associate magazine editor in New York before she went on the stage. She's serious about acting. Doesn't like to be known as a show-girl. She's taking dramatic lessons and I think she'll really go places on the screen. We see each other almost every night."

I might add that I ran into Kay in the





Cute Dona Drake balances herself on the wing of a plane on which she does some of her tricky dance steps for "Star Spangled Rhythm," Paramount's big Christmas screen special.

Powder Room at the Tropics one evening when she was dining with George. She admitted that even when the cooler weather set in they still liked to sit by the charcoal stoves and eat under the moon and palm trees on the outdoor patio.

Kay was wearing a clever pin of four gold bells. "George designed and made it for me," she whispered. "Pretty, isn't it? He also gave me these for my birthday," she added, pointing to a pair of very fine gold rings in her ears. "And he's always sending flowers. When I was sick he sent me a box of fifty gerdenias. Imagine! He's very thoughtful. There's a special kind of candy bar I like. Almost every time I get into his car he hands me a box of those candy bars.

"Did I ever tell you how I met George?" she offered. "Well, it was really very amusing. I was standing on the steps of the administration building at Fox when he drove by. I couldn't help but look when I recognized him. He smiled. Two hours later when I was leaving on foot he came by in his car with his brother. You know the patriotic 'share-a-ride-plan'—well, he offered to take me home. I thought it was quite all right—since there were two of them. At home I invited them in to meet my family and have an apple for a reward.

"George likes to come and visit with the family. When I'm working he'll come over and play gin-rummy with Dad. And he

and my younger brother Vincent are great friends. He's so easy to have around. So unpretentious and every-day in his ways. He'll help mother put dinner on the table, or dry the dishes. He's been raised that way. And Hollywood hasn't changed him a bit.

"He's wonderful!" she smiled. "We have dinner together almost every night. If he was deeply hurt about Hedy, he never said so to me. He keeps his troubles to himself. You know how close-mouthed he is.

"I was told that he has bumped into Hedy several times when he comes to the studio to pick me up. I'm working in 'Du Barry Was a Lady' at M-G-M. But he's never mentioned Hedy to me."

"Some people *might* think you are the fickle type," I persisted as we sat down for lunch—George and I.

"You know better than that," George replied. "I am, if anything, too sincere. I can't play games for publicity. I've always been inclined to be very serious about everything I am serious about. And that isn't a limerick.

"I've been in Hollywood almost four years and Ginger and Hedy are the only two girls I've ever gone steady with for any length of time. I've only had occasional dates with other girls, going to movies or to dinner.

"Ginger was naturally very exciting to

meet. I was one of her fans. Always went to Ginger Rogers' pictures back home in Montana. When I suddenly found myself under contract to the same agent, and he said he would introduce me, it seemed unbelievable. But after I got over the first awe of going out with her, I found Ginger to be just a regular down-to-earth girl. One who doesn't even wear powder or lipstick off-screen. She can cook and can get excitement out of fishing in a mountain stream. She doesn't have to be at Mocambo's every night to have fun. We had a grand friendship until publicity picked it up and tried to marry us. Then it became embarrassing. But that's the way it is in Hollywood. Every time you're seen with a girl you like, by the second or third date the columns are asking when you're going to get married.

"I met Hedy on January 22. [When a fellow remembers the exact date that he met a girl, you can know he cared plenty!] She was just leaving a Sunday afternoon party at the Fred MacMurrays. She was stepping into John Howard's car when I arrived. We shook hands. I didn't figure there was a chance of me dating her—because she was going with a swell fellow like Howard.

"But the city conveniently tore up the streets—Motor Avenue, which runs between my house and M-G-M and Fox studios. One day Hedy came driving down Motor Avenue, just as I came out of my place. She found she had driven into a dead-end street. The paving was ripped up at the end of the block.

"I went over to her car and gave her quick directions to her studio. We got to talking and the first thing I knew, it was all right for me to call on Hedy some time. You can bet I didn't waste any time!

"I really fell in love with her. When I really didn't have a right to fall in love with a girl. I'm just getting going in pictures. And a fellow should have a lot to offer a girl—any girl—and especially a girl like Hedy, who is used to everything. But you don't think about that when you're falling in love. All I could think about was getting her a ring."

It was no small sacrifice on George's part, getting Hedy that ring. For it has been less than a year since he brought his parents and his sister down from Montana to live with him. He is buying a modest, but comfortable home and the family lives together. Like many another, George finds himself a newly risen star, a big star with a name, when his salary, according to his contract, just doesn't match up. And while Hedy may make a few thousand per week, George hasn't quite reached his first four-figure-a-week option.

But the ring had to be important to go on the lovely fourth finger of the gorgeous Hedy—who had previously been literally showered with diamond baubles by two wealthy and adoring former husbands. George shopped around and finally made the down payment on "the most beautiful ring I ever saw. A big stone on a tiny slender hand. A four-and-a-half-karat diamond they told me." George continued. "No matter what you read about it, I had it all paid for before I ever placed it on Hedy's finger."

"Is it true that the ring is inscribed 'Love, Darling, Always' and that it's up for sale in a hock shop?" I queried.

"That certainly is not true," George said. "For I have the ring and I haven't the slightest intention of selling it."

"You mean you may give it back to Hedy?" I persisted.

"No," George replied. "Here you are getting me to talk about Hedy, when I swore I never would! No one knows what really happened to us—but maybe you can draw your own conclusions."

"First, Hedy and her mother and her

Merle Visits Our Boys Over-Seas!

Continued from page 31

le adopted son Jimmie are the nicest people I've ever known. They, however, we lived in a completely different world than I have. Where Hedy had governesses and luxury, just about everything she wanted all of her life, mine has been more on the poverty side.

My elder brother came to this country from Russia. He saved up enough money to send for my parents. They came over and finally settled and rented a ranch up in Montana. There were fifteen of us children. It took all we could do scraping up enough money to keep us all in shoes and clothes and get us educated.

I wandered down to Hollywood when I was about 19 to visit my brother and get some work on Boulder Dam one summer. I can do trick riding. Rode in rodeos to earn college money in Montana. Someone suggested I could get a job riding as double cowboy stars. I worked a bit in pictures and then I went back up to Montana.

Back up there I'd get to thinking of all the things I could do for my family if I was down in Hollywood making a lot of money. My mother wouldn't have to work so hard. She could have a vacuum cleaner, a new washing machine, and a fur coat. Lots of things. I came back to Hollywood. I was here a couple of years before I really got a break. When I had my name pinned to a contract and felt a bit secure the first thing I did was send back to Montana for my folks. We bought that pretty little new house over in Westwood.

Instead of a swimming-pool in the back yard, we plant a big garden of potatoes, tomatoes, corn, string beans, lettuce, and melons. It's no victory garden, but just like the garden we always planted back home—only on a smaller scale. It furnishes the family table for the summer.

This house with modern heating and refrigeration facilities looked like a palace to my folks. But you can hardly imagine Hedy Lamarr, who has lived in mansions all her life, being happy in a little cottage like I would be able to afford.

Besides, she owns a fine big house. When we were planning to marry she asked Frank Tone, who had leased it, to move, so she could have it redecorated for us.

It was then that we began thinking of material things. Facing realities. Why, it would take most of my salary to just keep a house like Hedy's. Besides, I'm the sort of fellow who wants to provide a home for his wife. I don't want her providing a home for me.

It was a big problem. I have the responsibilities of my own folks. Hedy and I had been living in a dream world. Perhaps another five years, if I'm still in pictures, I could financially assume the responsibility that would permit me to marry a girl like Hedy and guarantee the happiness of her life and future.

Then there's the war—which suddenly came upon us. Every man wants to do his part to help win it. I can feel my feet in service shoes right now. And that wouldn't be fair to tie a girl down. And what would I have to offer when I come back? Who knows?

Everything is mixed up. Confusing. I don't know whether I'll be in the Army in another week or be here making pictures. No one can say anything for certain.

Hedy and I are still friends. We have had a date or two since she gave my ring back. But as for love, I'm afraid that is out for the duration.

Marjorie Reynolds, Dona Drake and Betty Rhodes, who make up the glamor girl trio, tonight, strut their stuff in a specialty dance routine for "Star Spangled Rhythm," a lavish revue in which more than thirty top-name stars appear in musical numbers and sketches.

God bless you. It is people like you who help us go to sea. (Signed) The boys from the ship you visited."

The "present" was four eggs.

I saw Merle at her lovely home in Bel-Air two days after she returned to California. She hastily assured me that the reason she looked tired was not because the American boys in England had worn her out, but because the American boys at the Hollywood Canteen the night before had danced her to a fine frazzle. Seems that they have the "cut in" system at the Canteen, and in this way a star can dance with fifty soldiers and sailors before she even gets around the floor once. And as each member of the armed forces has his individual approach to *la danse* you can readily see what a workout a girl gets. A country of individualists, that's us.

When I asked Merle to talk about her recent trip to England she told me that that was all she *could* talk about. She's brimming over with it. "It was like living in the front line," she said enthusiastically. As soon as she finishes "Heart of a City" she's taking the first Clipper back—and remaining to the end of the war. About that can-opener—oh yes, I've changed my mind. I think I can trust Merle with everything from a coffee pot to a Flying Fortress.

"Shall I start from the beginning?" she asked, and when I nodded, she said, "The idea originally started when Colonel Young came from Washington and attended a meeting of the Hollywood Victory Committee. He said that it was very necessary for actors to go overseas to entertain the American boys in England and Ireland. They decided at the meeting to make me chairman of the committee which was called the Overseas Committee. The next thing I knew I was called to Washington to sit in on a conference. Colonel Young and Colonel Dumont told me they had received a cable from General Eisenhower in England and General Hartel in Ireland expressing terrific enthusiasm for the idea. Would I be prepared to leave the following Friday?"

"I heard that Al Jolson, Patricia Mori-

son, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins had expressed a desire to go, so I called them long distance, and it was settled that we would all leave by Clipper on Friday.

"The time in New York was spent having shots. I didn't know there were so many. By Friday I had a temperature of 104 degrees in my left arm; my right leg had smallpox and was badly swollen; my right arm had tetanus, and I was feeling pretty awful.

"The following Friday we went down to Marine Terminal in New York to leave by Clipper at twelve midnight. The plane did not leave until 5:15 A. M. By that time I no longer cared about anything. I might as well confess, though," Merle gave one of her infectious giggles, "I had been a bit worried all afternoon. Several of my friends gave me a farewell luncheon at the Colony Club and kept drinking toasts to me with a 'Here's to you, old girl' which sounded dreadfully sad and foreboding. And when my husband rang up from California three times during the afternoon to find out whether or not I was afraid, I really decided that I *was* afraid. Between you and me, I was shaking in my boots. But by the time the plane actually left I had ceased to feel anything, neither smallpox, tetanus, nor fright.

"When we took off we were about forty men and three women. Pat and myself, and the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who is about 75 years old. The officials on the plane very kindly put down three mattresses for us to sleep on. The men sat up the entire way. Since the war the Clippers have been stripped of all unnecessary accommodations. Soon after we left I heard a crash in the rear of the plane, and I was soon afterwards informed that there would be no breakfast.

"We traveled for about three hours and landed in Shadiak, Nova Scotia. Three more hours brought us to Botwood in Newfoundland. It was noon by then, and I was so hungry I could have eaten the steward. He must have suspected my intentions because he produced some fat sandwiches, from which all the ham had been carefully



cut off. They were surprisingly good, or I was just awfully hungry, anyway, as soon as I had devoured my share, I stretched out on the mattress and went fast asleep from sheer exhaustion.

"We arrived at Foynes, on the River Shannon, the next day. After a divine breakfast at a little Irish pub, we got on the British Overseas Airways plane which landed us in a little coast town near Bournemouth. On this trip we were blacked out. But I simply couldn't resist peaking through the curtains when I knew we were flying over England. I hadn't seen my country for three years. Two stewards descended on me at once. One was very severe and told me it was very naughty of me, and that he had just taken the names of two men who had been caught peaking. I guess I turned to him with rather a wet eye—the sight of England after *any* length of time can be very moving—so the other steward said with a rough tenderness, 'Aw, go on—'ave a look!'

"We got on a special train which connects with the Clipper, and we spent the journey up to London with our faces glued to the window. We steamed into Victoria Station at 6:30 on Sunday. We went immediately to our hotels. After dinner, Frank and Allen and Pat went for a walk around London until they could hardly stand up. There was a moon and London looked exquisite in the blackout. There was not one single electric light sign. One discovers more beauty in a city under these circumstances. While the others were out I leaned out of my hotel window, drank in the beauty of the city by moonlight, and cried my heart out at being back in London after three years."

Merle is a sentimentalist. The kind who presses flowers and keeps wedding pictures. Her husband calls her "Sloppy Sue." But I am sure that you and I, without a sentiment to our names, would have cried like babies that night.

"The next day I took a look at the streets of London," Merle continued. "To me the streets seemed more beautiful than ever. They had cleaned up all the rubble after the bomb explosions, and you saw things that you had never imagined before—like a little

pub in Bruton Street. It was four hundred years old, and was standing up all by itself, with the whole street flat around it.

"My own house was very depressing to me. A bomb had fallen quite near it. The house itself still stands, but what was once so gay and lovely now looks like a mournful derelict. All the terraces around Regents Park looked horribly the worse for wear. I was getting all set for a fine case of nostalgia when I remembered that I was an entertainer, and the manager of my troupe.

"We went to visit General Eisenhower, who is a very busy man, to put it mildly, but he was very kind and charming and gave us wonderful pointers on where we could help the American boys most. American boys seemed to be all over the place. And what struck me most was their cheerful faces. They were driving madly around in their little jeeps looking quite gay and happy. Grosvenor Square has been renamed, unofficially, Times Square.

"And speaking of American faces, when I returned to my hotel that day I bumped right into Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Willie Wyler, John McClain and Jock Whitney. For a minute I thought I was back in Hollywood.

"Our first official visit was to the Washington Club in London, where the boys were really delighted to see us. The same evening we also went to the American Eagle Club where we were also given a cordial welcome. The following day we packed and went into the country. Pat and I were thrust on a Greek gentleman farmer who very kindly consented to put us up for three days. The boys stayed in nearby barracks.

A phone call was put through to me at the farm one morning from my husband who said that he had just gotten over on the Clipper, and when was he going to see me. I told him, very importantly, that he had married the Chairman of the Overseas Committee, who was extremely busy entertaining American soldiers.

"The first place we went we had an audience of 2000 boys for the afternoon performance. I had been told in Washington not to expect any kind of a stage, or any

of the usual facilities. But on arrival at our first camp, I was thrilled, and terribly touched, to find that the boys had built a stage in a hangar, and draped it with American and British flags. In fact, the whole thing looked more like a real theater than many I have played in. That gives you an idea of how much the entertainment meant to them.

"We spent our time chasing American soldiers. During our travels from one camp to another, if we chanced on any we would stop and ask them, much to their surprise where they came from, and if we could give a show at their camp. We were so eager not to miss any in the vicinity. Lots of shows, therefore, were cooked up on the spur of the moment. Some were done on the backs of trucks, in the grounds of various castles where the boys were stationed and in wind-swept fields.

"We left for Ireland on a plane which belonged to the first American Paratrooper Battalion to arrive in England. The plane was a very uncomfortable affair, believe me, with aluminum benches. When one of the boys saw me wiggling around trying to find a soft spot he said with a grin, 'They make these planes darned uncomfortable so that it will be a pleasure to jump out!'

Merle and Al and Pat and Frank and Allen did shows all over Ireland, so many a day that they lost count. They performed in fogs, rains, wind storms, and by moonlight and sunlight, and often to the accompaniment of anti-aircraft guns. John Ford flew to Ireland with his unit to photograph their show. "He arrived to photograph the day we were in the wildest spot of all—just like Scotland, nothing but bracken and tiny hills and rain, plenty of rain."

Merle continued, "Our last night in Ireland we played to over 3000 factory workers, all American and all from California. I knew a lot of them. And it was the strangest feeling to see these boys who one had known thousands of miles away and whom one had no idea of meeting in Ireland. For instance, while I was sitting in the car in the blackout, and the boys were thanking us, one little voice piped up and said, 'Mrs. Korda, Mrs. Korda, this is Don, don't you remember me?' I said, 'I can't see you Don, what's your last name?' He said, 'Don the Carpenter, Mrs. Korda.' It was the very nice young man who helped build my house in California! We practically fell into each other's arms.

"We came back to London and had the evening to ourselves. After dinner, my husband and I joined William Paley. We had coffee at his apartment and chatted with the most thrilling group of people: Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Averil Harriman and his daughter, young Randolph Churchill and his wife, Ed Morrow and his wife and Jock Whitney. Lord Louis, on his way to work at 11:30 P. M., drove my husband and me to the party we were going to in his baby Austin.

"The party was given by my very old friend, Edward Hulton. On entering the room the first person I saw was Major David Niven, who swooped down upon me and literally took me off my feet. I wanted to know everything about everybody in Hollywood. I think I must have talked for two solid hours, without catching my breath. When I was so hoarse I could hardly whisper David, just like other times, started telling me funny stories. But now they were all about his experiences in the army. He told me a story about his run-in with a private who was a former gravedigger that had me laughing the rest of the evening. David is still David, thank goodness.

"The next day we started our second tour of England. To give you an idea of our days: We'd get up at 6:30, give a show at a camp in the morning, visit and give a show at a factory at noon, and in the after-



The motion picture industry is never failing in its efforts to help Uncle Sam during this great emergency. Walter Abel, Jinx Falkenburg and the Ritz Brothers posed with Governor Smith and Major Moore during their successful War Bond rally in Casper, Wyoming.



Paulette Goddard, who proved herself a super saleswoman during the film industry's War Bond drive, looks up a train for home after winding up her sensational bond-selling tour.

noon we'd go to one of the hospitals for American boys. And another show that night. Tiring but thrilling. It was a daily occurrence on our tour for us to be driving home at night and suddenly see searchlights go on as flares were dropped by German planes. Then suddenly, appearing from nowhere, our Spitfires would go tearing across the skies after the Jerrys.

"I've been often asked whether I was scared or not. I can honestly say it didn't occur to me to be frightened. The Spitfires seemed to be taking good care of us, and I was really awed by the beauty of the whole thing. The nights were extremely beautiful with the moon shining and the stars looking as clear as they do in Arizona. The steady, assured drone of the Spitfires quieted any fears I might have had.

"Our last night on tour was very thrilling and moving. We played to the largest number of boys yet—well over 4000. I told them at the beginning of the show that it was our last night, and to excuse us please if we were a little tired. But in comparison to what they were doing it was silly to say we were tired. I promised them that we were the vanguard of many more shows to come from Hollywood to try and cheer them up a little. The C. O., General Lee, a most kind and charming person, joined me on the stage at the end of the show, and the boys applauded wildly. General Lee is justifiably popular with his soldiers. For instance, he refused his officers permission to see the show unless they stood in the back of the theater. He himself would not have a seat in front. The entire evening was very emotional, and of course I cried and ruined my best blouse. We finished with everybody singing *The Star Spangled Banner* and *God Save the King*. The boys did not know the words of the latter, but sang lustily just the same.

"Al Jolson caught a Clipper the next day. We four went back to London to await our Clipper which was supposed to leave in three days. The few days that I spent in London were very thrilling to me personally, because I met old friends and ac-

quaintances, who had all changed with the times, and for the better. It is amazing to discover the work the women are doing in England. Apart from the ones I had seen I simply could not believe my ears when I heard that they were manning anti-aircraft guns, ferrying planes, and doing jobs that you would never think a woman could do. Amongst my own friends, it was thrilling to hear, for instance, that Lady Diana Cooper, (née Manners), now runs her own farm entirely by herself, even going around in the mornings to collect garbage from people's houses for her pigs. Another friend of mine works in a munitions factory. She used to be a famous beauty. These are only two instances of what women are doing.

"I saw Vivien Leigh and had a long talk with her about her friends in Hollywood. ('Gone With The Wind' is still running in London.) She is in Shaw's play, 'The Doctor's Dilemma,' which has already run for a year, and looks as if it is going to run forever. Her husband, Larry Olivier, is with the Fleet Air Arm, and is stationed at a seaport. Vivien rushes to him immediately the play closes on Saturday nights, and they spend their week-ends together. Vivien's as much in love as ever.

"When I got back to London I found that my husband had received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain asking him to be present at the next Royal Investiture, which was to take place the following Tuesday. I was invited to go along with him. To my horror I found that my Clipper train left on Monday. I got on the train at 7:15, sad and forlorn, only to be told an hour later that the departure had been postponed for another day. I couldn't have been happier.

"The next morning my husband was up and dressed hours before it was time to leave for the Palace. He was dressed in borrowed finery because he did not have the necessary coupons to buy a morning coat, etc. Luckily the Earl of Warwick—he used to work in pictures in Hollywood, remember?—happened to be at the tailors at the time my husband was bemoaning his fate, so he offered to lend him his clothes for the occasion. I have never seen my husband so nervous.

"I must say I started to get pretty nervous myself as the time drew near. I wore mourning out of respect for His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent. We lined up outside the Ballroom in Buckingham

Palace. Many were in uniform, and the sight of all those different uniforms was thrilling. The people who were to be decorated were taken to a private room where the Lord Chamberlain told them exactly what they had to do. After a while the band struck up *God Save the King* and in walked His Majesty looking very handsome and kind. He had on a naval uniform. The line then drew up slowly while the Lord Chamberlain read out the first citation. Captain Mason of the Merchant Marine, the Lord Chamberlain read, had taken his ship into Malta without a compass and through great difficulties. He was awarded the George Cross. This is second only to the Victoria Cross. There were several other people, then a nurse, then an Admiral.

"This same Admiral had talked to my husband outside, he told me later, and had said, 'Say, old chap, do you know who I saw outside? Merle Oberon. The cinema star!' My husband replied that he wasn't surprised as she was his wife.

"Then came my husband. He had to kneel before the King, who touched him on each shoulder with his sword, and went through the usual ceremony. He talked to my husband, and to each person he invested, for a few minutes—as there were over three hundred this was no weak feat, and just goes to prove the graciousness and kindness of His Majesty.

"I watched all the awards. Often through a mist of tears. One was a Dieppe hero who had lost an arm. There was rather a touching moment when the King put out his hand to shake the man's right hand, and the man smilingly gave him his left hand. I was sitting with the relatives of the people who were getting awards. Some of the women had seen me on the screen and told me that they felt as if they knew me. We all became very friendly and they would nudge me, or whisper to me, when their husband or son came up for a decoration.

"The next day I caught the train to the Clipper and came back to America.

"The thing that struck me most about my whole trip was the good feeling between the Americans and the English. To me it meant all the more since people in America had been talking quite a bit about the anti-British feeling among the troops. To me, the most important man in the world is the man in uniform. And, believe me, he is very happy with the English."



Screen stars and producers have gone "all out" in their efforts to help our country. Above, John Payne, with one of the woman captains responsible for the sale of \$700,000 in War Savings Bonds at a luncheon in honor of Payne and Jane Wyman in Greensboro, N. C.

"Johnny Doughboy"

Continued from page 25

"Then you'll be out of pictures." Harry shook his head despairingly. "You'll be suspended."

"Good!" She turned sharply on her heels and walked toward the house. "Maybe when I'm forty-five they'll let me play ingénues!"

But for all her bravado the tears were perilously close. She had to stop and take hold of herself before she went in search of Biggy, more formally known as Miss Bigsworth, who had been her friend and tutor and secretary ever since she began in pictures. With her mother and father away on that much-needed vacation of theirs, Biggy was the only ally she could depend on. And her hopes soared as she went into the living room and saw the look Biggy flashed at Harry sputtering his pleas as he hurried after her.

"What's this fly-paper salesman bothering you about?" Biggy said in that tart way she had of hiding the biggest heart in Hollywood.

"He wants me to make another kid picture," Ann sighed.

Biggy looked from Harry to Ann. Always before she had sided with Ann where Harry was concerned. But this was different. This meant Ann's career.

"Dear, I know how you feel." She put her arm around the girl and smiled coaxingly. "But I have to agree with Harry that at sixteen you're still a young girl. You'll have plenty of time to be grown up. For the present I think you should trust Harry and the studio to choose your parts for you. After all, a misstep now would ruin your career."

"You, too!" Ann looked at her despairingly. It was the first time Biggy had ever let her down. "Listen, you may be a good secretary and a good teacher, but you don't know anything about a woman's heart. And if having a career means I have to be shut up in a day nursery the rest of my life and never living like a human being and having any fun, then I don't want any career. Because," she gave them one agonized look before she turned and ran out of the room, "because maybe I *don't* look like Hedy Lamarr, but I feel like Veronica Lake!"

Harry threw up his hands despairingly as the door slammed behind her. "Maybe I better wire her mother and father and tell them to call off their vacation and come home," he said.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Biggy said crisply. Then more softly, "Why don't you try to get her a little older part just once?" she pleaded.

"Because she's worth a million dollars as a child!" Harry frowned impatiently. Then he grinned as the door opened and Ann stood there, clutching a small, old-fashioned traveling bag. A subdued, demure Ann, with her hair in pigtails, wearing a home-made suit that concealed all the slim rounded contours of her figure, making it look almost awkward and childlike the way it had those years when Ann was really a child. Harry didn't try to hold back his relief as he grinned at her. "Aw, honey, I knew you were only kidding," he said. "I knew you wouldn't let Harry down, Baby Doll. Ann of Honeysuckle Farm, living and breathing!" he finished reverently.

The girl looked at him with young, bewildered eyes. "No," she said softly. "I'm Penelope Ryan of Oriole, Nebraska."

Harry chuckled goodnaturedly. "What an actress!" he beamed. "What an actress, and without reading the script, too!"

"Harry!" Biggy broke in excitedly as she crossed to the window. "Harry, look!"

He got to the window in time to see Ann's smart coupé race down the driveway, the back of it filled with bags, to see Ann herself in the driver's seat waving a jaunty goodbye as she saw his startled face. Had his troubles driven him crazy, he wondered, as he turned and saw the other girl still standing there. Perhaps he ought to be grateful that he was seeing only one Biggy even if that Biggy was staring at him with unconcealed scorn.

"Maybe you don't remember," she said witheringly, "that you, yourself, sponsored a contest among the Ann Winters Fan Clubs with a two-week vacation in this house as the prize for the girl who looked most like Ann Winters?"

"And I won it!" The girl who looked so amazingly like Ann said eagerly. "And—and here I am!"

For once Harry didn't know what to say. He was glad of the reprieve when the butler came in and giving Biggy a letter announced that the 20-Minus Club, a group of youngsters who had once been child stars themselves but had outgrown their popularity, were waiting to see Ann in the library. Of course they couldn't, Harry decided. Ann was due at the studio that afternoon for a fitting and he didn't want her associating with those has-beens, anyway. Suddenly he remembered that look on Ann's face as she drove off, that determined, triumphant look.

"How am I gonna get her back in time for her fitting?" he groaned.

"You won't," Biggy said grimly. "She left this note saying she's going away for a two weeks' vacation, maybe more. And that she's going to lead her own life and that if we try to find her or tell her parents she'll never come home and never make another picture. And you know Ann, Harry. She means it!"

"The 20-Minus Club!" Harry shrugged despairingly. "Wardrobe fittings, fan clubs, what am I supposed to do about it? I'm going crazy. Get those has-beens in the library out of here in a hurry!" he ordered the butler.

"Can I divide her up? Can I have her in six places at once? Do they think she comes

in carbon copies?" The word gave him an idea and he looked craftily at Penelope. She looked almost more like Ann than Ann did herself, being so much closer to the age Ann was supposed to be in pictures. With luck, maybe she could pass as Ann. He'd try her on those kids before he took a chance with the studio. "Penelope," he said ingratiatingly. "That's a lovely name. Do people call you Penny?" And then as she nodded, "Well, Penny, I can't let you meet Ann today but how would you like to be her for a day? Wouldn't that be a thrill to tell the kids back home?"

Penelope nodded. "I'd love it," she whispered. "Only I wouldn't dare."

"Sure you would," Harry said briskly. "And you can start right now seeing those kids. They've all been kid movie stars but now they're too old, even though the youngest isn't quite five and the oldest not quite twenty. That's a laugh, isn't it, being too old before you're twenty?"

But it wasn't a laugh to Penelope, it was thrilling meeting those boys and girls she'd seen so often on the screen, shaking hands with them, having them look at her as if she were the important one, not them.

"Gosh, Bobby Breen!" she whispered, awestruck, as he held out his hand. "Cora Sue Collins, Baby Sandy, Alfalfa, Spanky MacFarland, all of you—gee, I want to get your autographs."

"Now, Annie," Harry interrupted frantically, for this was no way for the supposed Ann Winters to be talking to her inferiors. "There's no time for joking." Then, turning to the others, "You'll have to make this fast, kids. Ann's very busy today."

Penelope flushed as she saw the look the oldest boy was giving her, the boy she recognized as Johnny Kelly, who had been in Ann's last picture. It was funny the way he stared at her as if he were very disappointed or deeply hurt about something.

"You remember Johnny, don't you?" Bobby Breen said and again Penelope felt she did the wrong thing, just nodding like that. But she was afraid to speak. "Ann," the former singing boy star went on hesi-

Welcome Back To Screen, Alice Faye!



tingly, "we got pretty tired of having all the producers in Hollywood tell us we're too old and we decided if Hollywood doesn't want us any more maybe Uncle Sam does. So we cooked up a swell show. Good music, a lots of acts, everything. Then we took it over and offered it to the Victory Caravan to sell bonds and to go around and entertain the soldiers at the camps."

"Why, that's a wonderful idea!" Penelope broke in enthusiastically. "Certainly they didn't think you were too old?"

"No," Bobby tried to grin. "They said we were too young!"

"But then we had an even better idea," Spanky MacFarland spoke up eagerly. "This'll wow you. We decided to call our show the Junior Victory Caravan."

"Wonderful!" Penelope enthused. "Didn't they jump at that?"

"Not exactly," Bobby said slowly. "They thought the idea was good, but—well, I guess Uncle Sam is a bit like the movies. He doesn't like has-beens, either, even young ones. They told us to get a star name for the lead and then they'd take us. And that's why we're here, Ann. It's up to you. Will you be our star?"

"Me?" Penelope looked startled. Then she remembered who she was supposed to be and glanced fearfully at Harry.

"That's impossible!" the agent said quickly. "You know how it is, kids. In the first place Ann hasn't got the time, and in the second place, she's a star."

"Oh, but Mr. Fabian! Ann!" Bobby said desperately. "Listen, you've got to look at our show before you make your minds up. We've got numbers that'll roll you in the singles. Butch and Buddy, the swellest swing number you've ever heard, and Johnny's written a terrific military routine. He's going into the Army himself soon and—"

But Harry had had enough. With an imperious gesture he dismissed them and Penelope felt as if she were going to cry as they filed dejectedly out of the room. Her gamin mouth looked almost as determined as Ann's as she faced Harry.

"I just can't believe Ann Winters is that different from her pictures, Mr. Fabian," she protested. "It just doesn't seem possible she would have turned those kids down."

"It's a matter of business, Penny," Harry said briskly. "Ann is too important to be tied up with a bunch of failures."

"Yes, darling." Biggy looked disgustedly at Harry as she put her arm around the little girl's shoulder. "And after her agent gets ten percent of her importance, he's too busy even to listen to them."

Penelope looked up defiantly. "I wish I could talk to her," she said.

"Don't we all!" Biggy sighed. And for once she didn't feel at all the confident, self-assured Miss Bigsworth. "I wonder where that girl is!"

Ann was exactly forty-seven and a half miles from Hollywood according to the speedometer on the car and seventy-three and three-quarter miles as the crow flies from Lake Shore Inn, her destination. Only even a crow couldn't fly very straight along those twisting mountain paths or get any sense of location from the confusing signs, all seeming to point the same way. Ann felt all the exhilaration of running away leave her as she saw the sun dipping closer and closer toward the horizon.

But she wasn't really frightened until darkness came and she realized she was lost and the car radio that had been comforting her with its gay programs grimly announced the escape of an armed killer somewhere in these same mountains. And only a few minutes later the car ran out of gas and she had to walk. Everything became more scary than ever then, the strange wood noises, the soft padded steps of animals she couldn't see, the piece of an old rope she tripped over in the dark, the ominous hooting of an owl that seemed to mock her despairing cry. And then just as she was realizing she would play kid parts for the rest of her life if only she could hear Biggy's comforting voice again, she saw the house.

It was one of those typical mountain lodges and it looked as if it were used only

CAST

"JOHNNY DOUGHBOY"

(A Republic Picture)

Associate Producer-Director: John H. Auer. Screen Play by Lawrence Kimble. Original Story by Frederick Kohner.

Ann Winters { Jane Withers
Penelope Ryan { Henry Wilcoxon
Oliver Lawrence Patrick Brook
Johnny Kelly William Demarest
Harry Fabian Ruth Donnelly
"Biggy" Bigsworth Etta McDaniel
Mammy Joline Westbrook
Jennifer

(Bobby Breen
Baby Sandy
Members of the "Alfalfa" Switzer
20-Minus Club. "Spanky" McFarland
Cora Sue Collins
Robert Coogan

for vacations and was deserted now, but Ann ran frantically toward it. Then as she knocked she heard footsteps inside and the door opened and a huge colored woman peered at her over the candle she was holding.

"My car ran out of gas," Ann explained frantically. "I'm looking for the Inn and if you would loan me some gas—"

"Ain't no gas here." Mammy shook her head. "The boss man done took the car and gone, land knows where. And the Inn's seventeen miles away, clear around the other end of the lake. You better get along in here and let me put you in bed and in the morning you can chase around and get all the gas you want."

"You—you're quite sure it's all right to stay here tonight?" Ann asked apprehensively.

"'Course ah's sure," Mammy nodded vigorously. "I run this house to suit myself."

"Aren't there any lights?" Ann whispered nervously, following her into the house that seemed so forbidding and mysterious with only that small, flickering candle lighting her way.

"Naw, sumpin' wrong with de lights," Mammy said imperturbably, opening the door to a bedroom. "Boss man'll have to fix it when he get back. Now you hop in there and get some sleep."

It was more frightening than ever now that even the faint light from the candle was gone and then Ann's heart skipped a beat as she heard a car outside and peeking out of the window saw it stop in front of the house and a man get out. He looked so huge there in the darkness and his hat drawn down over his eyes made him seem more sinister than ever. With a gulp Ann remembered the escaped killer and leapt into bed, pulling the bedclothes over her as she heard him fumbling with the lock of the outside door. She had to force herself to keep from screaming when she heard him come into the house muttering under his breath as he stumbled on something. Then still clutching the blankets around her she sat up startled as the lights suddenly went on and the door opened and the intruder stood there.

"Well!" he said, staring at her. "Who are you?"

"Who are you?" Ann quavered.

"Oh, no, you don't!" he chuckled.

John Payne and George Montgomery, facing page, welcome Alice back after a year's absence during which time, as Mrs. Phil Harris, she became mother of a baby girl.

Below, left, Cesar Romero greets Alice with a kiss before enlisting in Coast Guard; and Alice, with Payne, below, who co-stars with her in "Hello, Frisco, Hello," her comeback film.



his voice sounded so warm and friendly Ann forgot her fears enough to really look at him and see that he wasn't sinister at all, but one of the best looking men she had ever seen; and that he was just old enough to be utterly devastating and fascinating with that hint of gray about his temples. "I asked you first, little girl."

Ann tried to hold on to her dignity. "I—I resent your familiarity and I don't like being called a little girl," she said stiffly.

"Forgive me, Madame." His twinkling eyes belied the seriousness of his voice. "My name is Oliver Lawrence and I happen to live here."

"Oliver Lawrence, the *playwright*?" Ann forgot her indignation in her excitement. "Won't—won't you sit down?" Then hesitantly, "Or should you?"

"Perhaps it will be all right for just a moment," he grinned. "And now about your case, Miss, or is it Mrs.?"

Ann glowed at that. "I was on my way to the Inn," she said in her very best grown-up manner. "And I lost my way and ran out of gasoline and your housekeeper insisted I stay until morning."

"Mammy's perfection in always doing the right thing never ceases to astound me," he said, and Ann thought his voice was just as charming as that lovely adult compliment he had given her. "But isn't there someone we should call, you know, relatives or someone?"

"Oh, no." Ann forced herself to sound casual and just a little amused. "There's nobody really interested. You don't know who I am, do you?"

"Should I?" he asked gravely and if Ann wasn't so intent on the rôle she was playing she would have sensed the amusement in his voice and seen that quizzical glance he gave her.

"No." Her mysterious smile would have done credit to Garbo herself. "And let's just leave it that way for a while, shall we? It's exciting, don't you think?"

"Very. Oliver coughed violently to keep from laughing. "But shouldn't I have something to call you?"

Ann hesitated, trying to think of a romantic name on the spur of the moment and seizing on the first one that came to her mind. "You may call me Jupiter," she said grandly.

"Jupiter!" He had to cough again at that. Then collecting himself, "Very well. Goodnight, Jupiter."

"Goodnight, Oliver Lawrence," Ann said softly. I just adore your plays." And after he had gone she repeated the phrase over and over again and knew that even Johnny Kelly had never made her feel so absolutely thrilled and excited.

It was wonderful waking up in the morning to see the sun streaming through the window and then afterwards having breakfast with Oliver on the terrace.

"I had a wonderful night's sleep," she said, trying her best to keep from staring at him, for he was even handsomer than she had realized, all bronzed from the sun as he was. "You can't imagine what it means to be away from the worries of civilization and—" She stopped as she saw the manuscript lying beside his plate. "Oh, I'm sorry. You were going to work through breakfast."

"It's very unimportant work." Oliver pushed the script away. "And compared with your company, dry as that cereal you're going to eat. And by the way, Jupiter, I discovered the Inn is closed for renovations and I'd be very delighted to have you spend your vacation here if you care to."

"Oh, how wonderful!" Ann thrilled. Then she looked at him anxiously. "Would it be all right, do you think? I mean, you know how people talk?"

"Oh, I think it would," Oliver said easily. "After all, Mammy's so perfect everything else, she must have some proficiency as a chaperone, too."

He was right. Mammy was perfect. Everything was perfect, the long, exciting days crowded with tennis and fishing and hiking, the romantic evenings sitting in front of the fire listening to the radio, better still, the play she coaxed him into reading aloud.

Ann was glad she had thought of borrowing her mother's prettiest evening dress to take along even though Oliver wore his old corduroys and sweat shirts. Wearing them helped the illusion Ann's romantic little heart was building up, that illusion of romance that grew and grew as she listened to him read the thrilling love words he had written and which she repeated to herself as he read them, repeated them over and over again so that she knew them by heart.

"Oliver," she said that night as he finished the last act. "Couldn't I play the lead in your play?" Then quickly, before he could answer, she began reciting the line she liked best of all. "All women should be warned that the laughter in your eyes seals like a torch, the exciting pounding of your heart is really a hammer pounding love bits. But I wish you well, for I am content with what I have had of your laughter and your heart." Her voice came breathless then in her eagerness. "Now do you believe I can play the lead in 'Cleopatra's Daughters'?" she asked.

For the first time Oliver's assurance let him as he looked at her vulnerable young face and realized he couldn't hurt her by telling her she was much too young for the sophisticated rôle.

Sparring for time, Oliver then said, with a smile, "You certainly did it very well, Jupiter."

It wasn't exactly a promise, Ann knew that, but it seemed so close to one that she felt it would be easy to convince him. If it was going to happen, it would have to happen! She would star in a play on Broadway and there would be an opening night and flowers and supper at a night club afterwards and no one would realize that the new, exciting actress had once been the silly little child star, Ann Winters. And her mother and father would be so happy because of her success and even Harry would realize he had been wrong and Biggy would be so thrilled.

Biggy! Suddenly Ann felt contrite as she realized how Biggy must be worrying about her. She would have to call her and tell her where she was. It would be all right telling Biggy. She wouldn't let her down. But just the same when Biggy answered her eager hello, she made her promise she wouldn't do anything to spoil the wonderful time she was having before she told her where she was.

Biggy sat there frowning as she hung in



Blonde Betty Hutton, sensational new comedy star, and Mary Martin, Dick Powell and Rudy Vallee head the sparkling cast of Paramount's gala musical comedy, "Happy Go Lucky."

the receiver. If only Ann's mother or father were there to advise her! Talking to Harry would be like throwing Ann to a hungry wolf. Well, she'd sleep on it that night, she promised herself, and in the morning maybe she could decide what to do.

But Biggy didn't really have to make a decision after all. Penelope took care of that, for as she was going downstairs the next morning she heard muffled sobbing coming from the guest room and when she went in she saw a very weebegone-looking little girl putting the last of her possessions into her bag.

"Why, Penny!" she said softly. "Has anyone hurt you?"

"Nobody, honest." Penelope shook her head forlornly. Only Biggy knew how upset she had been about those kids in the 20-Minus Club and how she wanted to help them. Biggy had even gone to see a rehearsal of their show with her, much to Harry's disgust. But even Biggy couldn't help her now.

"Come on!" Biggy smiled. "Tell Biggy all about it. Then, as she still hesitated, it was what caused your sudden loss of appetite at dinner last night?"

"Yes," Penelope nodded. Then suddenly she couldn't hold it back any longer. "Oh, Miss Bigsworth, I did a terrible thing yesterday. I went down and saw the kids' show again and when they asked me again, I, that is, if Ann, would go with them, I forgot all about that Ann's not me and I'm not Ann, and, well, I said yes!"

"Oh, Penny, you shouldn't have!" Biggy exclaimed. "You'll have to tell them differently."

"I—I just can't," Penelope gulped. "I'm going back home so I won't have to see those kids again. And if that's what Ann would do to them, then I don't want to see her either, and her fan club can get another president."

"But darling," Biggy put her arm around her. "That isn't very fair, judging Ann without even talking to her."

"What's the use?" Ann brushed the tears away from her eyes. "How can I talk to



Star Bette Davis gets help in washing the black ink off her hands, above and below left, after she was finger-printed and photographed in connection with defense regulations.

her? I don't know where she is. Nobody does."

"I know where she is," Biggy said. "And I'd like to tell you, only when she called me from Oliver Lawrence's home at Arrow Lake I promised her I wouldn't tell anyone where she's spending her vacation. And I can't break my promise, can I?"

Her smile was so bland, her voice so casual that it took a minute before Penelope understood. Then with a whoop she flung her arms around her. "Oh, Miss Bigsworth, Biggy, I think you're wonderful!" she whispered.

The Junior Victory Caravan was living up to its name as it started toward Arrow Head, with the band going on ahead in one jalopy and five others filled with the 20-Minuses following it up the twisting mountain roads. It was fun for everybody except Penelope sitting next to Johnny and trying to keep up the pretense she was Ann and at the same time trying to find answers to all the questions he was pelting her with. Johnny was such a nice boy with that blond hair of his and his wide grin. Penelope couldn't understand how Ann could have treated him so badly.

"Well," Johnny said at last as he jammed on the brakes, "here's Mr. Lawrence's home. Now are you going to tell me why we had to come up here, Ann?"

"Not yet," Penelope whispered breathlessly. "Wait here until you hear from me."

Her heart was pounding as she walked up the path and when no one answered her timid knock she went into the deserted living room. The door of the bedroom at one end of it was ajar and Penelope got her first glimpse of Ann feverishly studying the manuscript propped up in front of her. Then as the child stood there uncertainly Ann looked up and her eyes widened in amazement as she clutched feverishly at her hair and looked down on her dress as if to make sure she wasn't looking into a mirror.

"It's all right, Miss Winters," Penelope assured her. "I'm somebody else."

"Thank goodness!" Ann grinned. "What do you want?"

Penelope didn't waste any time. She knew if she hesitated she would never find the courage to say all the things she had to say to her beloved idol, all about the 20-Minus Club and their plans and disappointments. But Ann didn't seem to be listening to her at all, just sitting there fingering the script as if she couldn't wait to get back to it.

"What's all this got to do with me?" she asked when the child had finished at last. "What do they want of me? Do they need money?"

"That's what I want to explain about," Penelope said slowly. "They want you in the show as star." Then quickly, before Ann could utter the protest she saw in her eyes, "You've got to do it, Miss Winters! Because if you don't nobody wants their show and honestly it means life and death to them. They've been kicked around so much they're ready to admit they're licked."

"Oh, come now!" Ann said impatiently to get back to the script again. "I feel sorry for those children, but you're asking something that's impossible. You see, I, too, have given the best years of my life to Hollywood and it's all over now. From now on I belong to the theater! I'm going to play the lead in Oliver Lawrence's new drama, 'Cleopatra's Daughters.' He's written it especially for me."

Both of them were so engrossed they didn't hear the quick step in the living room or see the startled glance Oliver flung at Ann through the open door.

"But Miss Winters!" Penelope went on urgently. "What am I going to tell them? They're all outside waiting for me."

"You mean they're up here?" Ann demanded.

"All of them," Penelope nodded. "Bobby Breen, Spanky, Johnny Kelly—"

"Johnny?" Ann caught her breath sharply. She didn't know Johnny had joined the 20-Minus, she didn't know Johnny hadn't had a part since he was taken out of her pictures. Funny the way just hearing his name made him seem so near to her, so close. But she mustn't



think of that, not kid stuff like that. "He's a nice boy," she went on casually. "They're all nice kids. But I'm sorry. I can't help them."

"But if you talk to them, maybe you'll change your mind," Penelope insisted. "Johnny seems to like you so much."

"That's sweet," Ann smiled. "But you see there's something else you don't know. Mr. Lawrence and I—"

"You're not engaged!" Penny gasped.

"We have an understanding," Ann said.

Oliver flinched and made a hasty retreat at that. But he was waiting just outside the house when Penelope came out unable to hold back her disappointed tears.

"I couldn't help overhearing your conversation," he said, going over to her. "And I think those kids have a wonderful idea and maybe, who knows, Ann might change her mind. You wait while I go in and talk to her. There's a bench back of the house and there's a squirrel there, a very amusing fellow. You tell him I said he was to keep you entertained for a while."

Her radiant smile took some of the sting away from the ordeal in front of him. He'd rather have his play a flop than do the thing he had to do. Why, he loved Ann almost as much as he did his daughter Jennifer. He hated to hurt her as much as he would that young daughter of his.

"I want to talk to you, Jupiter," he said as he went into her room. "Or shall we just make it Ann?" Then at her startled look he smiled. "I thought it was kind of cute of you, wanting to be incognito."

"Why didn't you tell me you knew?" Ann whispered. "Why did you let me make a fool of myself?"

"You didn't, Ann," he said. "Remember that first night when you said it would be exciting if we—well, if we just played it didn't matter who you were?"

"Oh, and it has been, Oliver!" Ann said breathlessly. "It's been fun and exciting and wonderful and—"

"That's the way I wanted it to stay, Ann," he said gravely. "You see, your father and I have been friends many years and I wired him when you first came and he agreed with me that the rest and relaxation, nothing but play for a while, would be good for you. But that's all I intended it to be, Ann, play, just a sort of game. I didn't realize—"

Ann looked at him with hurt, bewildered eyes.

"Are you trying to tell me there's another woman?" she demanded.

"Why—er—" Oliver looked at her startled. Then gratefully he took the out she offered him. "Well, yes, there is," he said. "A girl named Jennifer. She'll always come first with me."

Ann couldn't stand any more. With a muffled sob she ran from the room and out of the house and Oliver made no attempt to follow her. This was all a part of being young, this hurt. It was all a part of growing up. No one could save Ann from it, no one could save his own daughter Jennifer either, no one but the men who would come into their lives someday, the men destined for them.

But Ann didn't have any philosophy of her own. The words in Oliver's play were crying in her heart and even in her hurt she could still be dramatic about it. "I wish you well," she whispered bitterly. "I wish you well, for I am content with what I've had of your laughter and your heart."

She might have been on the stage in that opening night she had dreamed of, weeping in that desperately quiet way and flinging herself down on a bench on the terrace. Then her sobs subsided as she felt someone sit down beside her and a strong arm went gently around her and when she looked up it was Johnny sitting there, Johnny taking his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiping her eyes so tenderly.

"What's the matter, Ann?" he asked. "We've been waiting hours. And where did you get these clothes?"

"I'll explain later," Ann said quickly, and oh, it was wonderful being with Johnny again. It wasn't exciting the way being with Oliver had been, it was different, calm and quiet but thrilling just the same. She'd missed Johnny even more than she thought she had.

"Don't cry because you can't be our star," Johnny went on. "But I'm glad I know while we're here alone. It gives me a chance to say a couple of things I might not have the nerve to say in front of the gang. You've been swell about the whole thing, a hundred percent swell, just like I knew you'd be."

"But Johnny," Ann tried to interrupt knowing it was really Penelope he should be feeling that way about, Penelope who had wanted so much to help the Junior Victory Caravan show. "Johnny—"

"You know," Johnny interrupted. "Most of the kids were against asking you to help. They said you'd gone high-hat, that the only guy you'd help was Ann Winters. But I knew you hadn't changed that much. That was that agent of yours, Harry Fabian, and the studio talking, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Ann whispered, telling the technical truth for after all she hadn't even been there. "But Johnny, there isn't any real decision yet. Maybe I can persuade Harry and—"

"You aren't kidding, are you, Ann?" Johnny asked incredulously and then it was wonderful with his arms hugging her and his lips pressing against her cheek in that shy kiss. Even afterwards, after that first big success of the Junior Victory Caravan at one of the Army camps when Ann and Johnny brought the roof down with their military number and all the other kids went over so big that the studio was interested in them all over again and Harry was feverishly signing them up, it wasn't quite as wonderful as being here alone with Johnny, feeling so proud and thrilled when he told her he was going into the Army himself.

No, even the studio deciding she was much more valuable as a singing star than the child they had tried to keep her and that they were going to make her The Yankee Girl of 1943, wasn't as wonderful either. Nothing was so wonderful as just being with Johnny and knowing she was first in his heart.



Since seeing him in uniform, Ronald Reagan's daughter, above, who looks a lot like her mother, Jane Wyman, runs after every man in uniform, hoping it's her Daddy. Reagan, a reserve officer in the U. S. Cavalry for five years, was called into active service after completing "Desperate Journey." Opposite page: top, Ellen Drew has a daily date writing to her husband, Major Sy Bartlett of the U. S. Air Force overseas; lower picture shows Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Hollywood's first war wife, being entertained at Ciro's by the George Murphys. (Mrs. Murphy was seated out of camera range.)

What Should War Wives Do For Dates?

Continued from page 35

ve dinner at home—where a personal port isn't necessary.

"One night, however, Eddie Albert led and invited me to go dancing. It was Saturday night. He came over and had dinner with me and the baby. I put on an evening gown and we drove over to the Mayers for a dance or two.

"To our amazement, every eyebrow in the place raised an inch as we walked in. I tried to be nonchalant. But everyone seemed so aghast. Ronnie and I have always gone along happily, without rifts or any trouble. It didn't occur to us that people would be shocked to see me with Eddie. We were so uncomfortable that after twenty minutes Eddie took me home. I haven't had an escorted date since.

"That very night I long-distanced Ronnie. He said for me not to pay any attention, but to go when Eddie asked me—for Eddie was his best friend. But just the time I haven't tried it.



"If you can keep busy you don't miss dates so much. I've been on two war bond tours. I love selling bonds. When I was visiting Ronnie in San Francisco, we went to see his picture at the Warfield Theater. People gathered around for autographs when we came out. It seemed like a good idea to sell war bonds then and there. One man bought \$10,000 worth.

"It was so profitable that the next night I grabbed Phil Harris off the stage of the Golden Gate Theater and we went out on the street and sold bonds. Another man bought \$15,000 worth. Ronnie was just thrilled."

It is easy to get Jane to talk about Ronnie. She hasn't so much to say about herself. That she was made Woman Colonel at Albuquerque, New Mexico, by the Commander of the West Coast Air Base; that she has sold thousands in bonds on three tours—but Ronnie, well: "It isn't just that he's my husband," she'll say, her brown eyes widening, "but he's such a grand, sincere, dependable fellow."

The telephone interrupted. Jeanette MacDonald, whose husband, Gene Raymond, is overseas, asked Jane to her house for Sunday night dinner. "It's to be just the girls whose husbands are in the service—we war wives," Jeanette said over the wire.

"No, I'm just like millions of other girls," Jane concluded. "I have to stay home and keep the home fires burning. It's a girl's job to do. We may feel sorry for ourselves. We can get lonesome. After staying in all week we can feel a bit bitter because we can't go out on Saturday nights with our men. We may crave affection. We may long for the security and ease and lack of responsibility we have known. But we must not complain to our husbands in the service or let them worry over our problems. Fortunately, I have our baby. I keep so busy I can't brood."

"It does get tiresome driving yourself to parties at friends' homes. Then driving yourself home alone," Ellen Drew admitted, pausing in the middle of a letter to her husband, Major Sy Bartlett, of the U. S. Air Force overseas. "It would be wonderful again to have a man do the hundred and one little courtesies that too often we take for granted, not to mention his calling up and saying at the close of day, 'Look, darling! I'm taking you out to dinner tonight. Wear something that will make you look your prettiest, so's all the men will envy me.' Then the fun and excitement of selecting a dress he likes—doing your hair a new way—and adding a dab of your special Christmas perfume.

"Instead, my dates are writing letters," Ellen sighed with a smile. "One every other day. I know how important letters are to him—because his are so important to me.

"A palatial home and garden, a swimming pool and a custom-built sports convertible can lose their fascination with no one to share them," Ellen continued. We were on the set of Ellen's new picture, "Night Plane from Chungking," at Paramount. "Sy doesn't want me to talk about him. Says he's just one of a lot of other fellows. At first it was hard for me to understand why Sy enlisted. We were perfectly happy. Newly married about three months. Sy had a lucrative job as a writer in Hollywood. We had a new house in Bel-Air. We had just everything. But understanding Sy, he's the kind of person who has to do his part. He enlisted several months before Pearl Harbor. I'm so proud of him now.

"I took two studio suspensions to be with him in Washington, D. C., until the very minute he was sent overseas." Costly suspensions to Ellen. But, as she says, you just have to weigh and balance and decide what means the most to you.

Being with Sy was more important than any picture rôle. Besides, she was going to have a baby—which was all very wonderful. Ellen really ran smack up against life in those first three months of her marriage. Sy went overseas. She lost the baby. She sold their big house, which was far too big for one person. Everything seemed to happen at once.

"I'm quite adjusted and happy now," she smiled. "I have taken a small apartment. My eight-year-old son David is with me. My girl friend, Winnie Spruston, a registered nurse, lives with us. Winnie's friends are often about. We go to shows together. I no longer have that feeling of being terribly alone. I think a war wife benefits by living with a congenial friend to offset loneliness.

"Oh—!" Ellen's eyes twinkled as though she had almost forgotten, "I am having the smartest black velvet suit made by Edith Head, for my personal wardrobe. When you take the jacket off, you have a dress for dinner and dancing. I'll probably not wear it until Sy gets back." The last an after-thought.

"The four walls of the cosiest house can become a veritable prison of restlessness to a lonely girl. Closets full of party gowns soon lose their charm when there is no place to wear them," Ida Lupino said frankly on the set of "Life Begins at 8:30," at 20th Century-Fox.

"A married girl's life rotates around her husband. What he likes for dinner. Where he's taking her on Saturday night. What he has planned for their week-end. Her new hat to surprise him. His compliments and little attentions—not to mention his companionship.

"Even now that Louis is Lieutenant Louis Hayward of the U. S. Marines, friends at the studio will thoughtlessly suggest, 'Let's go to Mocambo's tonight.' For a second they've forgotten that Louis is away. That I would have no one to take me.

"I know lots of girls do take the soldiers out to dine. And they can dance at the U.S.O. For any normal young woman must have some surcease from the day's routine. I might easily have treated myself to melancholia those first few weeks of separation. Luckily I was kept busy at the studio. But it's always the prospect of going home to an empty house at night that I dread—just like many other war wives.

"Taking firm hold of myself I outlined a program that would keep me contented and busy, and give me a chance to do my share. One night a week I report for duty as Lieutenant in the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps. One night a week I have service men in to dinner. I have begun a biography of my father, the late Stanley Lupino, which fills many hours. When I don't feel like writing on the book, I turn to the dialogue and music for the musical comedy, 'Make Up Your Mind'—which I am going to present on my tour of Army camps this winter.

"Actually I have had only one date with a man since Louis left. Monte Woolley very graciously called and took me to the première of 'The Pied Piper' and later to Mocambo's. It was a gala occasion for a stay-at-home girl like me."

Deanna Durbin is another war wife, whose husband, Ensign Vaughn Paul of the Navy, thoughtfully asked some of their friends to escort Deanna about while he is away.

Deanna appeared one evening on the arm



Now you know why Lou Costello's favorite pastime is visiting adjoining movie sets, when he's not wanted for a scene for his own picture. Eleanor Counts, pretty Universal starlet, seems to have Costello charmed, left.

of Bob Ross, one of Vaughn's best friends—and all Hollywood was agog with divorce rumors.

"Divorce rumors had never before hit Vaughn or myself," Deanna explained. "I was dreadfully upset. I decided never to have any more escorted dates. Now I only go out when there is a group of a half dozen people along.

"I didn't see Vaughn from April to August. He came home on one short furlough. Now I address his letters in care of the Naval Base at San Diego.

"My sister and brother-in-law, the Clarence Heckmans, with their two-year-old son, have moved in with me here to keep me from being too lonely," Deanna continued. "I was determined not to give up the home Vaughn and I built. We'd scarcely moved in when he enlisted. I told him that the home and I would be waiting just the same as he left us. But now, with the tire and gas rationing, I will have to close it up. It is 22 miles from the studio. Two miles from the closest bus. There is nothing else I can do," Deanna said regretfully.

Loretta Young, whose husband, Major Thomas H. A. Lewis, is in charge of radio for the armed forces, with headquarters at Washington, is making another movie over at Columbia. Loretta, who once cancelled studio contracts to devote the major part of her time to marriage, has just newly signed to make two pictures a year for Paramount.

"Work, and lots of it, is the best antidote for loneliness," Loretta remarked when we met at Polly Ann Young's (her sister) house for tea. "For a while I was running back and forth between Hollywood and Washington to be with Tom. I'd no sooner join him, than he would be sent away. He's been to Alaska and is constantly traveling. There was only one solution. Work!

"I had so many dates before I was married that I don't miss not being rushed now. I was twenty-seven when I married, you'll remember. I've probably had more than my share. I was ready to enjoy home life. I found I had been so busy making pic-

tures all those years—I started when I was fourteen—that I didn't take time to enjoy my relatives. Now when Polly Ann goes shopping, I often come over here and have a date with my six-year-old nephew, Carter Herman, Jr. I am also devoting time to bond tours and Red Cross work. On some occasions I go out with the John Waynes, friends of long standing. In a pinch, as we say, a girl can go with her agent to a premiere."

Gene Tierney's mother and sister came out from New York to visit Gene for the duration. Oleg Cassini, Gene's husband, is

in the Coast Guard. Fortunately for Gene he gets occasional 24-hour leaves. They have a date every two weeks.

Cobina Wright, Jr.'s husband, Corporal Palmer Beaudette, isn't so lucky. She visits him at camp in Florida—but that was several months ago. Cobina says she isn't worrying about new clothes this season. "My recreation is entertaining groups of service men whom Palmer sends to me when they are here on furlough. I'm constantly on the telephone calling up girls to come over to dance with them. I run sort of a date bureau for the U.S.O.!"

Other stars like Madeleine Carroll, Veronica Lake, Brenda Marshall and Brenda Joyce have been lucky enough to date their own husbands by establishing homes near them. They don't see them often, but they do on occasion, which makes their effort worthwhile. Madeleine has a little house on Long Island where Stirling Hayden is stationed in the Merchant Marine. Hollywood so far hasn't been able to tempt her back for a picture. Veronica Lake has leased a house in Seattle to be near her husband, Captain John Detlie, stationed in the Northwest. Brenda Marshall keeps an apartment in New York to see Private Bill Holden. Brenda Joyce cancelled her career for the duration and moved into a cottage near Camp Roberts, where her husband, Lieutenant Owen Ward, is stationed. Also she is expecting a blessed event.

Mrs. Robert Montgomery is one of Hollywood's first war wives. With Bob in the armed forces for over a year, including active duty overseas, Mrs. Bob has quietly remained in Hollywood. On occasion you see her with their close friends, the George Murphys.

That every girl should engage in some type of war work is the general opinion of the movie glamor war wives.

"There's so much to do. There is work for every willing hand—whether it is entertaining soldiers, selling bonds, working in canteens, Red Cross, or other of the organized women's forces—and the defense plants," says Mary Astor.

That's the way Hollywood faces the problem that is universal. Movie beauties are all sisters under the skin with the rest of Mrs. America in this war.



Bud Abbott and Lou Costello play two detectives in the Universal comedy, "Who Done It?" Above, the brave, well-equipped sleuths are in hot pursuit of a murderer.

Keep your smile bright... but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



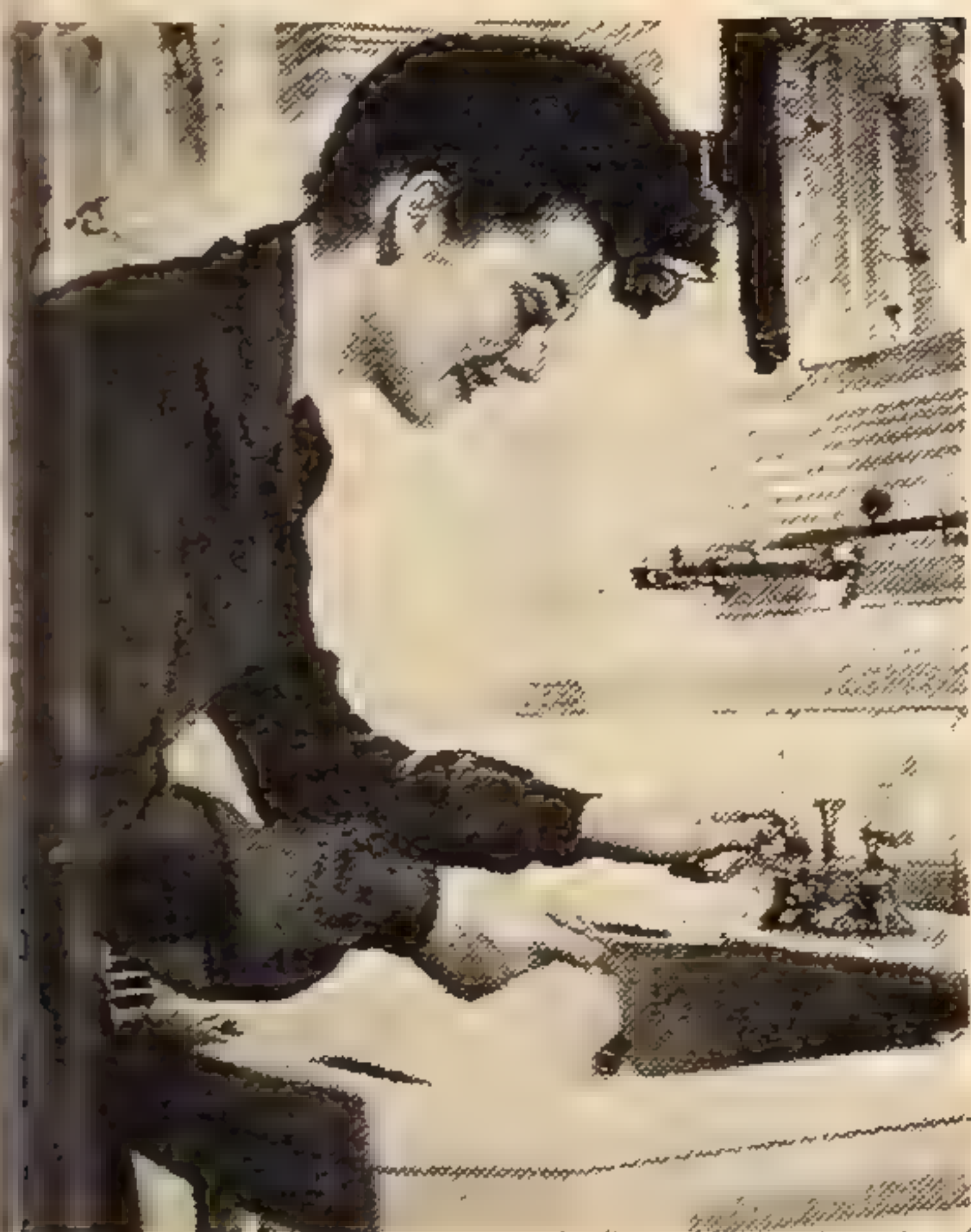
An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so . . . we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly.

If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.



DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.



DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.



DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.



DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER . . .

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So . . . keep your teeth bright . . . but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.

Jinx and her brother, Tom, who made the garden barbecue benches and table, enjoying a cup of coffee by the fireplace, at right.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

used for this amounts to very little, so don't cast anxious glances at the ration book.

Pastel de Papas is a similar dish, but for this you use chicken, tomatoes and onions for the lower half, and mashed potatoes on top. The sprinkling of brown sugar makes a crisp crust.

Jinx's mother can't bear the thought of stupid, solid, uninteresting meals, so she uses imagination on leftovers. Papas Rellenas, a method of using leftover meat, is different and delicious enough to take its place proudly on a company dinner table.

PAPAS RELLENAS

Add to one cup of cold meat, chopped fine, a dozen stoned ripe olives, two sliced hard-boiled eggs, a dozen seeded raisins, a teaspoon of grated onion, salt, cayenne, and enough thick brown sauce to hold together.

Mix well and heat, then cool and roll into small balls; cover each ball with mashed potatoes into which two eggs have been beaten; dust with flour and fry in deep fat, a few at a time.

"In Brazil, they use avocados for dessert, and we occasionally serve them here as they do—ripe avocado beaten up with a little thick cream and sugar, flavored with lemon juice. If you care for spice, you can dust some on top. My family is mad about avocados, they'd eat them anyway, but they prefer them plain with lemon and salt," commented Jinx's mother.

"We occasionally serve an avocado canapé that is very much liked by our guests. For this, you pare and seed and dice two avocados and let them marinate in French dressing for an hour. Prepare a thick slice of toast for each portion, hollow out the center, sprinkle with grated Kraft nippy cheese, and let stand a couple of minutes in the oven to melt the cheese. Drain the avocado and heap in the center of each slice of toast. Garnish with olives stuffed with almonds. This will make six canapés.

"Flam is a dessert sometimes served in South American countries—it's baked custard caramelized by searing the top, which is covered with brown sugar, with a flat-iron. They keep a special flatiron for this purpose, and go along a row of custard cups, pressing it down on the sugar. The hot sugar goes right down through the custard."

For a fine smooth custard (to make six individual custards) use six eggs, two cups of milk, one tablespoon of sugar and a small piece of butter at the bottom of each custard cup. If you like, you can put a marshmallow into each cup before pouring in the beaten custard; the marshmallow will rise to the top and form a crust.

Marzipan, for which the family is famous, is the only holiday candy made at the Falkenburgs'.

"We use bitter almonds, green almonds, whites of eggs and powdered sugar and blend them together for hours—and I mean hours!" Jinx informed me, gaily. "Then we let it stand for awhile and when it is firm, slice it. We can't get bitter almonds now, so we save pits of prunes and apricots, dry them and they taste like nuts."

Jinx's favorite dessert is Abricoques con creme. It sounds exotic, but it's merely stewed apricots without sugar, served with sour cream sprinkled with chopped nuts.

The barbecue in the garden is an essential



part of the Falkenburgs' fiesta equipment. In California, the barbecue can be used any time it's not raining, but if you live in the snow country and own a portable barbecue you can use it indoors. Here are a few tips from Jinx:

Get a new paint brush and use it to brush Wesson oil or butter on your grill. Jinx mixes garlic into butter, sets the butter in a Mexican pottery dish on the side of the grill, and as she toasts her French sourdough bread, dips the finished pieces into the butter. The faint flavor of charcoal and the fragrance of whatever is cooking is all gathered in by the melted butter and added to the bread.

Jinx barbecues strips of Beechnut bacon, just puts them on the grill and they curl up delightfully, taking on that charcoal flavor, too.

The Falkenburg bungalow looks like any Hollywood Spanish-style, red-tiled little house, overgrown with evergreen trees and shrubbery, but it's only a well-aimed stone's throw from the Tennis Club and golf links.

Inside, it's another story. From the first glimpse of Jinx's sparkingly lovely face, smiling welcome at the door, you know you've arrived somewhere special. Jinx's mother says that all it takes to make a home is imagination, ingenuity and plenty of elbow grease. The whole family is prodigally equipped with all three.

The Falkenburgs have never had roots; they've drifted from country to country, house to house, owning things only temporarily, never investing heavily in unportable valuables.

When they came to Hollywood, they rented a hillside home, but soon realized that with the entire family playing tennis in most of their waking hours, the thing to do was to live near the club where the game was played. Whenever anyone had a spare half hour, he or she drove up one street and down another, watching for For Sale signs. The second time they looked at this bungalow, it was \$1000 lower in price than it had been the first time. So they bought it.

They assembled furniture from anywhere and everywhere. Mrs. Falkenburg bought cans of gaily colored paint, yards of pretty draperies, and turned out such a happy-looking home as never was. Jinx's bedroom, for example, has dressers painted Gobelin

blue, a desk in dusty pink, lounge and chairs in harmonizing upholstery, a wide bed with a quilted cover in pink flowered blue. Window drapes and dressing-table skirts are of the same material, and the rugs are in blues and pinks.

The dressing-table is a wide blue shelf that runs along some three or four windows on one side of the room, a round mirror in the center, and numerous shelves concealed under the quilted skirts.

Yellows and orange are used effectively in another room, and touches of Chinese red give warmth to the cool softness of gray greens in another. Blackout curtains, instead of being necessary but undecorative evils as in other houses, are interlined with pretty drapes. One side of one of these is white, the other a Mexican pattern in chocolate browns.

As you may have heard before, Mr. Falkenburg designs and makes Jinx's clothes. She has designed "Hollywood clothes" for *Vogue*. Today's fiesta dress is of soft yellow wool, with a belt of crocheted wool flowers. Yellow flowers form a band in her gold-brown curls. There are even gleams of yellow gold in her big brown eyes.

Just because a Falkenburg has never done a thing is no reason for not trying it. Mr. Falkenburg made the dining room furniture, for example—a heavy refectory table and benches, a lamp shade suspended above it on heavy metal chains, and roofed with growing ivy.

Tom, one of Jinx's young brothers, made similar benches and table for the barbecue in the garden. At that house nobody says "Let's order so-and-so!" Instead they say "I'm going to make so-and-so." And they do.

They love to hold open house. They seldom entertain in any other way. Everyone likes to talk, but they dance and play bridge too. They like to play games of wit. Just now a favorite is the Game of Twenty.

Someone suggests a subject and as fast as you can write, you put down twenty kinds of whatever it is. Last time they had to find twenty kinds of transportation—you'd be surprised how difficult that is! Easy enough to think of twenty movie stars, or twenty animals, but try to say "I love you" twenty different ways!

They also make up proverbs that will

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each guest, or verses of greeting appropriate to the fiesta. They sometimes draw illustrations of movie titles, and the one who guesses most of them first wins the prize.

The Falkenburgs speak Spanish as fluently as they do English. Manuela, the cook, seldom speaks anything else. She also is a cook with imagination. As, for instance, her Spanish shrimp:

SPANISH SHRIMP

Put 1 tablespoon butter or Crisco in saucepan; add small onion chopped fine; sauté. Add 1-3 can Heinz tomatoes; cook 15 minutes; add a can of shrimps, 1 cup sweet milk thickened with flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ spoon cayenne pepper, dash of black pepper. Take off stove when boiled and serve on toasted bread.

Young Mister America

Continued from page 36

"Oh, no thanks, I'll stand," he gasped.

An interview was going on in the other room but I didn't want a fainting leading man on my hands, so I started in to announce him.

"I sure look terrible," he muttered.

I found Sterling sitting in my chair as big as life and the telephones ringing feverishly. We excused each other and I slid over the desk to grab the phones. Work carried on as usual. I continued to stand. And Mr. Sterling continued to sit in the chair he had said "no, thanks," to in the beginning. "What's the script like?" he wanted to know. And when was it going to start? He sure wanted to play the part. Gosh! He hoped he'd get that part! When he finally went into the inner office and the door closed on him, the wardrobe man said, "He's nuts! Getting out of bed looking like that. Watch him, or he'll fold up!"

When he came out of the director's office he glanced in the mirror on the door. He did a Bob Hope double-take. "I look miserable," he said, 'awful pale—think I'll play a little golf."

"Next week?"

"Naw. This afternoon."

The wardrobe man said from under the overcoats, "Bob, if you're smart you'll go home and go to bed. I'd like to call your doctor—"

He gave me another smile and said, "Don't worry about me." He was gone.

I guess he did play golf and lots of it because when next I saw him he was all bronze again and the picture of good health. "Do you want to hear about my operation?" he asked happily then. "It was wonderful! I watched the whole thing. The doctor kept telling me I'd pass out before it was over. But I won."

After considering every eligible young leading man in the business, Sterling was handed the part of the younger brother of Clark Gable in "Somewhere I'll Find You." He had the part he wanted so much and he went to work with much eagerness. After the picture was going Gable told me he thought the kid was swell, that he had a lot of promise.

I was prepared for almost anything from Mr. Robert Sterling. Because I could see that he was really doin' all right.

"How about a soda?" Bob asked, "I eat 'em by the dozen." The waiter put two glorious looking glasses just groaning with ice cream in front of us, and paused to announce: "Mr. Sterling always orders them with double ice cream." Suddenly and for the first amazing time I wished I didn't have a soda in front of me. I wished I was by myself having a real good cry because Young Mister America here beside me was talking about the war and telling me he'd soon be in it. "For a great cause—and I'll be part of it." I tried to tell myself it wasn't because I was unpatriotic that I felt like this; Mr. Sterling was going to start marching with all the rest of the boys I know who are now on their way. Then I could see the handsome young man in his uniform. Boy! Will he set that uniform off! He was talking quickly and deter-

minedly of the part he was going to play. And this time it wasn't in the movies.

"If I can get the folks taken care of—that's all I want—if I can just do that before I go—I'd like to buy them the kind of little house they'll be happy in." At that moment Mr. and Mrs. Anybody would have been proud to acknowledge this boy as their son. Not because he was going to give them something. But because he expressed an exalted devotion.

He attended Red Cross First Aid class three nights a week here at the studio. In the class were secretaries, office boys and other studio people. Lew Ayres was their teacher and Bob's praise of him is very high. "He's so sincere—the way he explains things." Bob is also air raid warden for his district. He is perpetually hungry. He has a passion for boysenberry pie as well as chocolate sodas. He also says he will probably get hydrophobia because he picks up and hugs every mutt he sees. "When I was a little kid I had a dog. I loved him. Every noon Mom would let him out and he'd come to school to meet me and walk home with me. All the kids would try to catch him and take him away but he never left my side. Then one day he didn't show up. One of the kids yelled: 'Your dog won't ever follow you again.' And he laughed. I wanted to fight him, but I realized that was silly; besides I wanted to get home fast. I ran all the way. I knew something was wrong when I saw Mom. Dad took me aside and told me my dog was killed by the school. I never got over that."

When Bob did a "Maisie" he had a prize fighter who trained him during the entire picture. The fighter thought he was just right and named him "Champ." Then the trainer became Bob's stand-in. In between scenes when they play cards or are talking, or are singing a duet of "Deep In The Heart Of Texas" with Johnny's barking, husky voice on the upper, they are a scream! With his smashed-in nose and big ears, the stand-in was contemplating plastic surgery. Bob and he went into conference and brought me in on it. We, including Johnny, decided that fate could intervene and make him too awfully handsome. And then where would he be? He couldn't be competition to his champ! Now Johnny has gone in the Army and it will be a glad day when he and the Champ meet.

He's your boy friend, your brother, your son, or just young Mister America straight through when he tells you how the other night after Red Cross class he was pretty hungry. But he had worked on the set all day and he was too tired to stop for something to eat. He went home—tried to be quiet like a mouse coming in. But his Mom heard him. And just like your Ma, she said she bet he was hungry. And there they were, talking like mad, eating scrambled eggs, jam, toast and coffee in the middle of the night. "I slept like a log after that and I feel great today," he said.

On the set, one day, he was unusually quiet and I noticed him scowling over a very long paper. "Know anything about real estate?" he wanted to know.

"Nothing. Why, what's up?" I asked. "Oh, several things here seem pretty good. Think I'll look 'em over. You know that guy who owns the house where we live won't even fix the plaster where it's falling." Then, as a decided afterthought, "I think I'll punch him in the nose."

The next morning the young man looked mightily pleased. "Know what I did yesterday afternoon?" I held my breath. "I bought the folks a place. In the valley with a garden where Dad can plant what he pleases—a picket fence. Just what I want! I'm going to have it done inside the way they want. They're tickled. Now they're taken care of."

And I knew what was coming next.

"You can kiss Sterling good-bye. I'll start knitting him socks and get the boysenberry pies ready," some of the girls on the set teased. "Because he's enlisted."

I thought about his career. He'd go up. He has the fine start now that awaits for. Studios will be wanting to row him. They'll want to put him with smart leading ladies. There's a guy that goes somewhere, you'll say. He has the chance of making one more picture before he leaves. . . .

"Now, how about a soda?" he suggested at ten o'clock the morning they had given us the news. But I couldn't manage one maybe it was the hour. I couldn't even get my chocolate cake dessert at luncheon. I packed it and brought it back to Bob. Sterling for his three o'clock hunger pangs. He grinned as he ate it and said, "I'll remember this when I'm up there fighting."

That's right. For a minute I forgot about the other part he said he was going to play. You can say it again—he'll do all right.

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Calling On the Carlsons

Continued from page 33

two lamps on either side of the divan are old perfume jars—dark green, based on brass with string shades.

The divan and matching chair are covered in a rough textured fabric, white with green flowers. The end tables are mahogany—adaptations of early English breakfast trays. One of them is an original, the other a copy.

The refectory table at the end of the room is a beautiful thing. It, too, is a reproduction, but so cleverly done that if the Carlsons didn't feel constrained to tell, few people would know it. It had fourteen coats of paint and has been rubbed until the wood shines through in places.

The ottoman is a waif—nameless. "We wanted two small ottomans," Dick rambled along cheerfully, "then the decorator suggested we just have one large one made. When we got it we didn't know what it was. It *could* be a p'nai or a hickie—but we don't think so. It's more like a fireside bench that's been stricken with elephantitis."

The wall treatment of the room is unusual. The west end is done in American paneling, the north wall is windows and the other two are plaster, covered with bur-lap. The rug is a reversible jute.

Going into the dining room one is struck again with the thought and care given the planning of the house. The table is one of the few really old, authentic pieces in the place. It is a drop-leaf mahogany, built about 1800, during the Regency period. The refectory table in this room is also mahogany. The chocolate cups on the shelf above it are Limoge china and were a wedding

present to Dick's great-grandmother. The silver candlesticks were a present from William Holden and Brenda Marshall.

The paper is the room's most distinctive feature, although wherever paper has been used in the house it is beautiful and all of it is copied from the wall-paper in old New England houses.

"The kitchen," Dick broke in, leading the way, "is my pride and joy. We knew that all good parties end in the kitchen so we thought we might as well face it and make it as attractive as possible. It's Pennsylvania Dutch, so the first thing we had to have was an open fireplace. Then, after we got it, we thought we might as well put it to some practical use. So we got a brazier (in which we can burn either charcoal or hickory) to fit in the bottom. Then we got a grill for barbecuing steaks, spits (electrically turned) for poultry and roasts, and a gadget that looks like an elongated popcorn popper for roasting potatoes.

"The doors on one cupboard have conventional Dutch designs and those on the other have dates we want to remember—the baby's birthday, our wedding anniversary, the date we moved in, etc. I always eat breakfast in here when I'm working," he finished irrelevantly.

Just off the east end of the living room is the den, with a built-in combination radio and phonograph. The radio control is a small box, not attached to anything, that can be picked up and carried anywhere in the house. Both the radio and phonograph can be started with this amazing contrivance and stations can be switched without ever having to go near the radio.

The den is small as dens should be and the furnishings consist principally of a studio couch, a desk and chair—and an enormous library of records. "The heart of the house," Dick informed me. "My father started collecting operatic records years ago and I appropriated them. Then I began adding symphonies. We play the phonograph more than the radio."

As we started to leave the room I glanced hurriedly through a pile of records. Far down on the bottom—completely out of sight—were a couple of popular numbers.

Leaving the den and climbing the few stairs to the nursery, I noticed a beautiful old stand planted with ferns and ivy. "It was originally a globe stand," Mrs. Carlson said.

"I wish we had the globe to go in it," Dick remarked mournfully, "but the darned things are so scarce."

Entering the nursery, Mrs. Carlson announced in the tones of a heretic, "We made up our minds from the beginning we didn't want the conventional pink or blue nursery, and we determined not to have it."

They didn't. The woodwork is white but the walls are a soft green. The rug is a very inexpensive, loosely woven yellow material. The ruffled curtains are of cheesecloth "and," they proudly tell you, "the lot of them cost less than \$10. In fact," Mrs. Carlson added, "we started to use them throughout the house but then we thought perhaps that was carrying economy too far so we've used white organdy on all the other windows."

I might add that the room is a cheerful and welcome relief from the conventional nursery.

In the master bedroom the Carlsons have kept to an almost monastic simplicity. There is a fireplace, an antique drop-leaf table, the bed—an enormous affair—two bed-side tables and a couple of chairs. They

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each have a bath and dressing room with built-in chests of drawers. The bedspread, of white linen, is quilted in green to match the wall space back of the bed.

They keep no gardener and the two of them do all the work around the grounds. "All these walls and terraces must have cost you a small fortune," I commented, looking admiringly around.

"Well," Dick said, "we've gone slow and paid as we went. We live on a budget and go out very little."

"We can't!" wailed Mrs. Carlson. "We haven't any tires."

"The money we would ordinarily spend in night clubs," Dick went on, "we'd rather put into furniture or plants. I put in all these lawns myself," he added proudly, "and I built this walk running all around the

place. And I also planted all the shrubbery. Mona (Mrs. Carlson) planted all the flowers and she takes care of them. When I'm not on a picture I mow the lawns. When I am working, I mow them on Sunday."

He went inside for a moment and I turned to Mrs. Carlson. "The screen doesn't do him justice," I opined. "He always seems so bent on preserving his dignity."

Mrs. Carlson exploded in a gale of laughter. "Dick!" she screamed. "What dignity?"

Dick reappeared carrying three tall glasses of lemonade. He jerked his head toward the setting sun. "We live by that old saying, 'the sun below the yardarm,'" he grinned. "When it gets that low around here we really get going!"

I got going presently, too, but all the way home I kept thinking, "What a swell house—for two swell people."



Richard Carlson, above, has his most important rôle to date as *Langford*, who succumbs to the loneliness of Africa and lure of Hedy Lamarr as *Tondeleyo*, native temptress.

"I'm Just A Joe!"—James Craig

Continued from page 45

in Hollywood—"All lasting music is that which records the experience of a people at any given time in history."

Although spring had closed the first pianist phase in Craig's life, he intended to take up music the following winter, but travel intervened. Jimmy and his family moved to Florida and Jimmy went to the strange new school just long enough to decide that he didn't like it. Still, he didn't want to lose contact with his class back in Texas and have to lag behind a year when he went home, so he struck on a neat dodge. He devoted himself to scholarship until he received his report card and discovered that it provided spaces for an entire year's grades. Hmm—wonderful world! Wonderful world!

Craig, in twenty minutes, completed year's highly satisfactory work, stored his report card against next fall's need, and went to work for Western Union, unbeknown to any authority likely to tan his trousers. He earned, and deposited in a imposing bank, \$254.00. He was a bloated plutocrat, a purse-proud depositor.

One morning, on his way to work, he noticed a frantic knot of men and women in front of the bank. Not one to pass up excitement, Jimmy went over to find out what simmered. Someone said the bank had gone bust, so Jimmy tapped and—because of his messenger's uniform—was admitted. He marched up to the president of the bank and asked to have a few words, whereupon

He was taken to the president's private office. Proffering his pass book, Jimmy said, "What about my money, sir? Seems like I should get something out of this." So the president, pointing to the crowd outside, tried to explain their presence to an eleven-year-old boy.

"All I got out of that mess was ten bucks and a lasting distrust of banks," Jimmy admits. "From then on, if I had it, I spent it." For several years, Craig had the reputation for being one of the most open-handed bumbos in them thar Hollywood hills. Then along came The Bub (James Craig, Jr.—now aged 2½) and daddy quickly set up several trust funds to protect his son's future.

Thus far, we've shown young Craig as an embryonic musician, a paper peddler, a self-promoted sixth grader, a Western Union veteran, and a disillusioned depositor. Still collecting careers, Jimmy went back home and took up magazine sales work. After school one night he finished selling his quota, then sauntered over to the school grounds where a track meet was in progress. Some of the events looked like his fish, so he asked the principal if he might participate and was told, "Surely."

He shed his canvas pack, took off his shoes, and entered the broadjump—which he won. Then he was given a lane in the 100 yard dash, and won second place. The big event was the 100 yarder, which Jimmy—getting tired—entered anyway. And won. The prize was a five pound box of candy which a dusty, grimy, barefooted urchin tucked under his arm, along with his shoes and magazine sack, and carried home.

He gave the trophy to his mother with a

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running account of his day's activities. And his mother? She looked at the long-legged, dark-eyed boy so full of energy and ambition, yet so affectionate and vulnerable, and she sat down to cry the inexplicable tears of mother love.

When the volatile young Craig wasn't selling magazines, delivering papers, running races or exercising some other muscle, he was reading. He read every Tom Swift book written, and he practically memorized "Hearts of Hickory" by John Trottwood Moore. In addition to plenty of action and excitement, this novel was notable for an Indian Princess heroine who was both divinely beautiful and astonishingly brave.

Jim was just recovering from the typical juvenile-male viewpoint that anything in petticoats was a minor plague. Yet he fell in love with the fictional Indian Princess, and swears that he has never entirely recovered. Better let your braids grow, girls.

Of his current reading, Jim is enthusiastic about "Berlin Diary" and Lin Yutang's writings, and he's deep (as we go to press) in Pearl Buck's book, "Dragon Seed." Thinks it's swell.

By the time Jim was 14, he was a confirmed summer hobo. In his present conversations he is forever bobbing up—like an athletic seal with a balloon on its nose—with sentences like, "Once when I was in Coffeerville, Kansas . . ." or "Well, that summer, I happened to be in Mobile . . ."

"One time, I remember, I landed at Warrior, Alabama, along in the evening. I hiked out to a farm house and explained to the lady who answered the door that I'd like to buy supper, a night's lodgings, and breakfast from her. She was sure nice. Took me right in and made me comfortable. The next morning I rolled out early, so's to get a good start—not that I was going anywhere in particular, but I wanted to be on my way—and we got to talking at the breakfast table. She had lost her husband just four days before and she was alone in that big house, trying to take care of the milking and all. Well, I felt sorry for her, so I stayed there with her for ten days until she could get a good farm hand."

After that, his careers started to pile up. He sold groceries at a Red & White store; he sold pari-mutuel tickets at Fair Park in Dallas. Never since then has he placed even a small wager on the giddyaps.

Came college, and Rah-Rah Craig went to Rice Institute, on sort of a football scholarship. To plump out his exchequer, he went down to one of the local dance emporiums to study the situation, and learned that their prices were exorbitant for a campus purse. He cajoled the proprietor into making Friday Collegiate Night at a slightly reduced rate. Jim, for bringing in the curricular crowd, was to get 10% of the total take, and his missionary efforts to encourage a good Friday night gathering were nothing short of herculean.

He was taking a pre-med course at Rice, but tough Mr. Craig is also—like a good Hemingway character—tender of all mankind. He can't stand to see suffering. So there went another good career.

After college, he spent some time as an oilwell rough neck, wild-cattin' in the Oklahoma fields, then went to work in the credit department of General Motors. It was while he was on vacation from G. M. that he came to Hollywood, learned what was expected of a motion picture actor, returned to his job for another year while he trained on the side, then came back to Hollywood and was promptly signed.

By this time we have lost count of the Craig careers. Still, there were two others on which he relied from time to time while he was getting a toehold in cinema: he did some pugilistic work, and he drove a truck on the night run between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

"One thing about me," says Mr. Craig with utter truthfulness, "I've never been afraid of hard work."

Considering this background, it's no wonder that the terrific Texan was so convincing as a doctor in "Kitty Foyle," as a farmer in "All That Money Can Buy," and a frontiersman in "Valley Of The Sun."

His personal tastes are simple, definite and dusty—like the man himself. He doesn't like sweets. "Brother, you can have all that French pastry," is one of the reasons for his flat, muscular waistline.

"And you can write it down that Craig can cook," he adds. Specialties are steaks and spaghetti. Last summer, when he was home on vacation, his mother said one night that she couldn't think of anything that sounded palatable for dinner. "You just wait," son James advised, "I'll get dinner." "You should have seen the look on Mother's face. All she remembered about me and



Mitzi Uehline, who won the title of Southern California's "All Year Girl," has been appearing in Hal Roach's Streamlined comedies.

kitchen was that I couldn't boil water."

As for clothes, he likes the two extremes—either rugged sports clothes or white and tails. He despises dinner clothes, because "a tux is just a compromise. It is dress-up." (Psst—he sleeps raw.)

He thinks that most women's hats are sane. The little, tiptilted ones especially. But he likes big picture hats with no adornment. "I like summer dresses for girls," he adds. "Dresses made of that light stuff, voile or organdy or whatever you call it, seems to me that there's nothing daintier than a pretty slip showing through a sheer dress. I like ruffles, too."

His idea of sport? Well, "Give a man a horse he can ride . . ." Jimmy owns the piebald Apoloosa mounts named Punch and Judy, and he rides one or the other every day if he doesn't have to go to the studio.

But by far the most important item in the life of Jimmy Craig is The Bub, pint-sized head of the house of Craig. Jimmy is utterly devoted to his small, brown-eyed son. When the baby was sick, during the time "All That Money Can Buy" was being made, Jim gave him four blood transfusions, and simply lived at the hospital. He tells, with belligerent tenderness, about carrying the small, sick youngster to the window and showing him the grass, the flowers, the trees. Jimmy is positive that these tours around hospital room and to and fro before the window helped to save the baby's life.

Perhaps that was it. Or perhaps the late Fate, is so interested in the determination of the vitality, and the idealism of one of his favorite sons that she doesn't plan to do him anything he really wants.

Bob Hope's Alaskan Diary

Continued from page 21

by an Army bomber when we reach Fairbanks. And is that going to be a thrill!

Saturday, Sept. 12—Arrive in Fairbanks. It's a dismal place. The weather is dark and cloudy, but, surprisingly, it's not cold. I'd say it's around 40 above. Frances and Jerry—and even Tony—dressed in their parkas look very, very warm and unhappy, but I'm disgustingly comfortable. Fairbanks still seems bare and desolate to us, though. Several important Army officials greet us and show us to our quarters, which are certainly very much okay.

An officer has just come to my room and told me that a dance is to be given in our honor tonight. I'd no more expect to see a dance in Alaska than I would to see ice-skating on Vine and Sunset in Hollywood.

Frances and I walk in together. She has on heavy clothes. Says she's afraid the night will turn cold and that she imagines all women look rugged up here. She looks like Hollywood's conception of what the well-dressed far northern woman will wear at a social shindig. She could model for a furrier in her get-up. She looks so convincing that I expect to hear her break out and yell, "Mush!" at any minute. Suddenly, she looks as though she has seen a ghost. No wonder. One look at the dance floor and she discovers, to her amazement, that she is the only woman present who isn't wearing evening clothes and finery. All she can do is sigh heavily and walk on in, braving the storm. Don't think she is in the company of a lot of bedecked Eskimos, either. The women are all white and very, very beautiful. Frances carries on quite well under the circumstances. What slaves women are to fashion!

P. S. We do several shows during the night.

I'll not forget that dance. I've never heard a hotter band. If Skinny Ennis ever plays as long and as hard as that band did, he'll be a mere shadow. Not that he isn't already! The musicians, twelve of them and all soldiers from the Ladd Field Army Band, practically make the bandstand sizzle. They don't even stop for a breather. I'd think they'd collapse.

It's now four A. M. I've just come back from the dance. If I'd stayed up until four in the A. M. in Hollywood, everyone would think I was going off the beam. But Fairbanks and Hollywood are very far removed—socially and otherwise.

Sunday, Sept. 13—We're on our way to our first Alaskan Army camp show. Something tells me that Tony Romano's guitar will come in very handy, as there is no other music for us to use.

We've done seven shows today at different camps around Fairbanks and all on the back of Army trucks with a mike. And we've had our first big thrill—the reception from those boys. When Frances sings, I've noticed a lot of them bowing their heads. They have tears in their eyes. You can tell they're thinking of their homes and their girls. All their hopes and dreams and loneliness are being released now. And yet they are the same boys who applaud us so wildly. I'm not one who goes in for sentiment much, but they make a guy think—and they make him proud that we have such boys who are doing their jobs today without a whimper.

Frances is so impressed that she is even able to laugh at a gag that some of the

\$18.75 buys JUST SO MANY bullets



BUT SUPPOSE HE NEEDS MORE?

What's he going to do . . . *Give up?*
NEVER . . . *Die?* MAYBE.

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YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings

Bonds. You can buy one today for \$18.75. It is worth \$25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare \$18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered

in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

*Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.

soldiers pulled on her the night before. When she started to go to bed, she was dead tired. She pulled back the blankets and tried to get into the sheet. But no luck. She struggled and struggled. Finally, she yanked off the blankets and started to remake her bunk. The soldiers had short-sheeted the sheet. In plain English, they had folded the sheet so that she couldn't pull it over her and so that there was no room for her feet. She didn't let on that anything had happened to her when she put in an appearance this morning. The boys had told me what they had done, so I asked Frances how she slept. She told me all right!

Today ends with a broadcast over Fairbanks' fine radio station, KFAR. Got to try to get through to that station for the rest of our broadcasts this year.

Monday, Sept. 14—Leaving in an Army bomber for Nome. Our pilot is Lieutenant Marvin Setzer, of Pomona, California. He is 22 and has already had medals for his fine work in the Aleutians. He is thought of so highly that he is now the General's private pilot, but he doesn't care much for the job as he has to sit around too much. He wants those flying hours. We stop at Golena on the way. It's just an Eskimo village with a post office.

We hadn't planned on stopping at Golena, but we're glad we did. Suddenly, a short time after we land, about 400 of our boys start running out of the tents, of the woods, and fox holes. I guess one of them discovered us and tipped the others off. We put on an impromptu show. We have to talk down-wind since we have no mike. The laughs and the yells those kids give us are something we can never, never forget. We're the first show they have had

since they came to Golena. And Frances is the first white woman they have seen in months. When we're through, we all feel like crying like babies.

My sore throat is giving me more trouble. It's been bothering me lately. The doctor there, Lieutenant Merritt, takes me over to his makeshift hospital which is set up in a tent. He has full equipment, everything all laid out neatly and perfectly. He has to sterilize his instruments by boiling things on a little stove. He's doing a great job. I talk to him for about a half an hour. It's easy to see that he has left a fine position in civilian life to do this splendid work. His sacrifice for a cause is typical of all the men in Alaska.

We see our first dog team. What beautiful animals! Before we leave, we spit in the Yukon. We have now obliged tradition and are automatically half-sourdoughs.

Monday night—about 3:30. It's night to us. We land in Nome. We only have an hour to spend there, we think, so we start right out doing more shows. It's very windy and rainy. It really looks like the last stop. We do four shows in this weather, tramping about continually in the mud.

We stop to see a gold mine, the richest in the United States. It's owned by only four men and brings in about \$70,000,000 a year.

We play more shows. Still the mud is with us! Deep, thick, oozy mud. That's about all the country is. But the boys don't seem to mind, so we certainly don't. We're not here for our comfort. We're here to do a job that is badly needed.

Back in town we do another big show for all the boys we couldn't reach at the camps. We round them up and bring them to the gym in the town. There are 1500.

Just heard we can't leave for Anchorage as we had planned. The weather is too bad. So we do two more shows.

Tuesday, Sept. 15—Leave for Anchorage. We stop at Bethel on the way. While we're doing a show here for some boys who have been completely isolated, we see some Eskimos standing in the background looking at us. They're complete poker-faces. Reminds me of some of the audiences I've faced in Hollywood. After the broadcast, I go over to them and tell them one of my funniest jokes, with the gestures and all. They don't bat an eyelash. I console myself with the knowledge that they can't understand English. I thought sure my nose would create some attention, though, so perhaps they are the first to appreciate the fact that, in my own way, I'm handsome!

That's what's nice about writing a diary. I can't hear anyone call me a liar. Hope, you're handsome. See? No answer. I must do this more often—to build up my own morale.

Arrive at Anchorage. Greeted by General Buckner and other high-ranking Army officials. We're given a party. After which we do three more shows. We're plenty tired—but happy!

Wednesday, Sept. 16—Can't go to the Aleutians yet as we had planned. Weather much too bad. And I mean bad! The storm is terrific up there. So we go to Yakutat and to Cordova. To get to Cordova, we have to ride thirteen miles on a speeder. A speeder is a hand-car with walls. Cordova is just a small fishing town, but it has a theater—of sorts. We do two shows there. And that feeling comes to us when the boys show how much this little entertainment means to them.

Wednesday night, 10 p. m. Sept. 16—Report has come through that it's all right to go back to Anchorage. Weather has been bad where we are but it seems to be clearing up. We board the plane.

We're out about ten minutes when suddenly the fog closes in. We sense something ominous happening. The ship is rocking back and forth. I look at my watch. We should be in Anchorage now. The plane is going back in circles. Now it's climbing up and up. Then it starts to go down. Ice is forming on the wings. I can see it through the sleet and snow. None of us looks at each other, but we all have that funny feeling inside, like a cramp in your heart. We've been out twenty minutes—but it seems like twenty hours. The crew chief appears and looks at Frances. It's plain to see that he's worried about something. He tells her to put on her life belt and parachute. He gives us all the same directions. We ask him what's wrong. He just says, "Ceiling zero. We can't see the field." We know that in this country a plane can't just land. There are too many mountains and glaciers. Then before he goes back up front, he tells Frances to be sure to pull the string that will release her Mae West belt (the life belt) and to take off her parachute quickly when she hits water. Frances just smiles. She knows as well as we all do that if we land in the water, we're a cinch to drown, especially where it's so hard for anyone to find us. And as for the parachute, it won't help us if we land on the peak of some mountain. We're in a tough spot—with no way out in sight. Well, one thing is certain. If we do have to use the chute, we won't count to ten before we pull the string. Three will be enough. That's as far as the Army fliers count before they yank. What's good enough for the Army fliers is good enough for us.

The plane is still maneuvering about. We know the gas must be getting low, for the storm isn't helping our fuel situation. All we can do is sit back and wait for the word, "Jump!"

I think of a lot of things now when it seems pretty sure that death is staring us



Directing is such nice work. You have Frank Tuttle's word for it. The director is rehearsing Marie McDonald, who is being featured by Paramount in Alan Ladd's starring picture, "Lucky Jordan," after having played only minor rôles at another studio.

the face. We're all pretty scared. I'm sorry now that I convinced Jon to let Frances go, for if anything happens to her— I'd rather not think of that. To try to be funny, I think of all the bad radio programs I've done. But this isn't a time for comedy. Then I remember that it was wise of me to make out my will before I left for the trip. And then suddenly I think of myself, "Well, if this is it, this is it. You've had a good, full life. You've done a lot. What more can you expect from life? It won't be so bad then—going now."

We've been out two hours now. We're still circling, going up and then going down. Why don't they tell us to jump?

And then the miracle everyone reads about so often happens. Suddenly, we're in the middle of the rays of about twenty searchlights. They know we're in trouble. They're trying to light up the airport.

We still have to get down, though, and that will take some flying. This pea soup is terrific. We come down very, very low until we are about fifty feet above the water. It's the only way we can see where we are.

This is ticklish business, flying so low, even though most of the Army pilots in Alaska skim above the water like this often. A slight lurch of the plane could send us into eternity. But Lieutenant Setzer knows how to fly. Finally, a dull thud tells us we have landed. The nightmare is over.

We get out and see crash landing equipment and ambulances ready. Thank God we didn't have to use them.

I notice that Lieutenant Setzer has no life belt or chute on. I ask him about this. He just says, "My cargo was more important and you people were my cargo." Then he tells me, quite calmly, "It was pretty tough up there. I never thought we'd make it. You see, we were flying blind and our radio was off."

It took us two and a half hours to make the trip that should have been made in a half an hour. Fate was watching over us after all.

Thursday, Sept. 17—Play seven shows in Anchorage. We entertain the boys in the hospital. It brings the war very close. We also give a number of shows around the dugouts.

Most of the boys I talk to want to know about the States and what's going on. One of them asks me how the Brooklyn Dodgers are doing. I tell him it looks like St. Louis will cop the pennant. He can't figure it out. "Why, the last paper I read up here, Brooklyn was eight games out in front." I tell him he'd better get hold of a later paper—if that's possible.

Friday, Sept. 18—Leave for Whitehorse but find we can't get through. Weather again! Go to Fairbanks instead to get away from a storm that is coming up. Then on to Northway where we entertain about fifty soldiers who sit on tree stumps and listen to us.

Saturday, Sept. 19—On our way from Fairbanks to Watson Lake. We do three shows there in this desolate, lonely place. We sleep that night in the barracks. I have been warmer. Warm inside, though, because of the pleasure we were able to give those kids at the Lake. They didn't know we were coming. It was a wonderful sight to see them come from all directions, through mud and on any available trucks, to hear us.

Sunday, Sept. 20—We go to Edmonton and then to Seattle. Our trip is supposed to be over, but we decide to go back. The Army gives us permission. We feel that there are more camps to cover. That our job is only half done.

Tuesday, Sept. 22—We're sitting in a hotel in Seattle when four sailors come up

to us. There are eight in our party. One of the sailors says, "We'd like to buy champagne cocktails for all of you." I tell them not to be silly, that they shouldn't spend their money on us. They keep on insisting but finally I'm able to convince them that they should leave. A few minutes later, the waiter brings us eight champagne cocktails. When I ask whom they are from, he points to the four sailors, who wave at us. "They said to say thanks for all you're doing, Mr. Hope," the waiter said. We won't forget those four boys, either.

Do our broadcast from Seattle.

Wednesday Sept. 23—Leave Seattle. Arrive at Juneau that night. We stop at the only modern hotel, the Baronof.

Friday, Sept. 25—We reach Naknak and then we go to Cold Bay, where we do five or six more shows. In Cold Bay I meet a friend, Corporal Nicoletti. General Jones gave me permission to talk to him and to invite him to have dinner with the General and me that night.

Corporal Nicoletti had a great deal of money in civilian life. He was a prominent figure of the Bel-Air social group in Beverly Hills. The change from his former way of living to this is tremendous. He looks at the steak on his plate and simply murmurs, "Steak! I haven't had one for six months!" After dinner, he gives me a start by going down on the floor. His hands touch the rug. "Gee!" he exclaims. "This rug feels good."

The General gives me permission to take Nicoletti with me to Umnak.

Saturday, Sept. 26—The Aleutians at last! We are only 250 miles from Kiska in a place called Umnak. As we prepare to land, a reconnaissance plane hovers over us. Our pilot maneuvers back and forth. I discover that no one can get in Umnak without giving the proper signals. When

"I TALKED WITH GOD"

(Yes I Did = Actually and Literally)

and as a result of that little talk with God, a strange Power came into my life. After 42 years of horrible, dismal, sickening failure, everything took on a brighter hue. It's fascinating to talk with God, and it can be done very easily once you learn the secret. And when you do—well—there will come into your life the same dynamic Power which came into mine. The shackles of defeat and fear which bound me for years, went a-shimmering—and now?—well, I am President of the News Review Publishing Company, which corporation publishes the largest circulating afternoon daily in North Idaho. I own the largest office-building in my City. I drive two beautiful cars. I own my own home which has a lovely pipe-organ in it, and my family are abundantly provided for after I'm gone. And all this has been made possible because, one day, about twelve years ago, I actually and literally talked with God.

You too may experience that strange mystical Power which comes from talking with God, and when you do, if there is poverty, unrest, unhappiness, ill-health, or material lack in your life, well—



DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON
Founder "Psychiana,"
Moscow, Idaho

this same Power is able to do for you what it did for me. No matter how useless or how helpless your life seems to be—all this can be changed. For this is not a human power I'm talking about—it's a God-

Power. And there are no limitations to the God-Power, are there? Of course not. You probably would like to know how you, too, may talk with God, so that this same Power which brought these good things to me, might come into your life too. I have written the strange, almost unbelievable story in two booklets, and I have given away literally millions of copies of them. As a matter of fact, the story has been told in 67 foreign countries, and in every city, town, village and hamlet in America. It has been written up by such outstanding periodicals as Time, Newsweek, Magazine Digest, and scores of other internationally-known publications.

I want to give you these two booklets. I want to give you also illustrated circulars, and copies of letters which tell what is being accomplished all over the world through this new strange Teaching. If you will send me your name and address on a post-card or in a letter, these two booklets will come to you free of charge. This experience may sound unbelievable, but it's true or I wouldn't tell you it was. The address is Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 139, Moscow, Idaho.

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we finally land, we find that Umnak is just a mud pack and little more. It is so far removed from civilization that Frances is the first white girl ever to set foot there.

We arrive at 9:30 A. M. We had wired we were coming, but the message hadn't gotten through. We're made comfortable, though. We give our show in the rain and mud, with the 200 boys sitting on the ground listening to us. But they don't seem to mind sitting in the mud. In fact, they look very healthy to us. They are our most sensational audience yet. They cheer and yell so loudly that I have to make a speech to tell them how much I admire them. I say something about how rugged their job is but also how important their work is. I close with, "This is the first time I've ever played to fellows sitting on the ground. Your response is so wonderful it's hard to put how we feel into words. Especially since I've played to people sitting in the Paramount Theatre in plush seats and have them sneer at me."

General Butler tells me later he would like to have us stay to give a show for some of the boys who are away on duty, as he hates to have any of them miss the chance of seeing us. But he says that if we don't get out of here this afternoon, we'll be caught in a storm and may be marooned for five or six days. We leave that night for Naknak. The General was right. A terrific storm comes up. In Naknak we do three more shows.

Sunday, Sept. 27—We fly to Juneau where we entertain the fliers and where Frances is made a Sergeant-Major. I fly on to Spokane. Our Alaskan trip is over. I take a train from Spokane that night since the plane can't leave for Seattle because of the fog. Frances and Jerry wait and fly down.

Monday, Sept. 28—Arrive in Seattle Monday night. Frances and Jerry are delayed.

Tuesday, Sept. 29—Frances and Jerry arrive very late—two this afternoon. Have to hurry back to Hollywood. Paramount has just wired I'm to come back to do another scene for "Star Spangled Rhythm."

There are many things a man remembers in his life, but nothing will stay with me as long as the thrill we got out of doing the shows in Alaska. I've seen those boys live and work in amazing conditions. They may grumble, but they'll never lose their spirit. They can still laugh—and that's what counts. I take my hat off to them. They're doing a big job and doing it well, and don't any of you ever forget it. Because of them and our fliers up there, the Aleutian Islands the Japs occupied are no longer a menace to us. That problem is solved.

So to those boys, my gratitude and my deep respect. They make me proud to be an American. But I'll be seeing you boys soon again, for I'm going to move heaven and earth to go back.

Below is printed verbatim a letter from a soldier, Lester Bentley, of Sidney, Nebraska, who is stationed in Alaska now. A letter from a soldier who saw Bob and his troupe, consisting of Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, and Tony Romano, guitarist. It speaks for all the boys up there who will never forget what Bob has done for them. It is one written to his mother:

Dear Mom:

Our mail is not coming through at all and I have received no word since answering your most recent letters, several days ago. However, we have just received our one and only big thrill since leaving the States and I am writing to tell you about it.

I'll start at the beginning. Yesterday, September 19, was just five months to the day from the date we left the States and sailed from . . . (censored). It was also Saturday. I was standing in my tent



Gene Tierney and John Sutton are the love birds in "Thunder Birds," film about the training of pilots for the United Nations

by the fire lamenting the fact that today was the same as any other here. It was 8:30 in the evening and I was wondering whether I should just go to bed or try to find something to read when fellow poked his head in and said that Bob Hope (in person) was at the field some six or eight miles away on the other side of the lake. All available trucks were going to try to carry us over to the field where Hope would entertain us. You can imagine that we wasted a lot of time running for the trucks. It was probably a record movement for the Army.

The roads were very bad and muddy but we arrived as quickly as possible after forming the inevitable Army line. We were finally ushered into the largest room of the airport building. We must have been a horrible looking crowd with our muddy, dirty clothes and bewhiskered faces. However, they must have been used to that as they had been playing to Army crowds all over Alaska during the past week and they looked pretty worn and tired themselves.

Hope's party included Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford, and a little guitarist, whose name, I think, was "Cackles" Romano.

(You remember I saw Hope's show from the third row in San Luis Obispo and I was even more fortunate this time. I sat on the floor in the first line where I could have touched any of them.)

As I said before, they looked very tired and travel worn, but believe me we were hungry for entertainment and were thrilled to tears. I thought about you a lot during the show and wished you could have been as close to them as I was. Bob Hope should begin to recognize me. I keep sitting in the front row at his shows. However, the beard may crop him up, as I probably won't be wearing it the next time I see him. I thought about shaking his hand and telling him how much we appreciated the show and the tremendous effort it had cost his party to make the strenuous trip. Of course, we had never expected anything like it in the wilderness and I think I speak for the Army when I say that he gets my vote for the Army's No. 1 entertainer.

I know you'll be very much interested in this letter so I'll mail it this morning, hoping that it will go out the first thing this afternoon.

We are anxiously awaiting our mail from day to day.

Love,
LES.



John Garfield in a scene from the big new production, "Air Force," an up-to-the-minute story about Uncle Sam's aviation service, which gives Garfield top rôle of his screen career.

Why The Sheridan-Brent Marriage Failed!

Continued from page 23

and fawned-upon matinée idol in New York, Denver, and other American cities; and most exciting of all, for many months he had been a dispatch carrier in his native Ireland between Michael Collins, revolutionary leader, and De Valera, famous champion of the fighting Irish.

Since settling down in Hollywood on his four-figure-a-week salary George has lived well. He has had yachts and planes and fancy cars, not to mention innumerable romances with the first, second, and third ladies of the screen. George should be pretty bored with it all by now.

Ann, on the other hand, at 27, has just begun to enjoy life in Hollywood at its most pleasant best. Ever since she left Denton, Texas, and came to Hollywood in 1933, she has worked her fingers down to the knuckles trying to get a firm hold on the elusive ladder of fame. Ann has been pushed around plenty. She has had to live down both the silly "search for beauty" campaign, and the cheap "oomph girl" publicity. Ann is not good at selling herself. In spite of that red hair she is not given to temperaments and tantrums, so her progress as an actress has been slow and unexciting. But in "Kings Row" she proved to all her critics that she could play an intelligent dramatic rôle just as superbly as a Bette Davis or a Margaret Sullavan. Since then Ann's career has been on the up-swing. Only recently has she received a salary in keeping with her status as a star. After eight years of grinding, hard work, Ann has her first sip of success. She isn't bored with anything or anybody. She wants to live. She wants to act. Most of all, she wants to laugh.

Brent's friends who called him a romanticist eternally seeking an ideal probably hit the nail on its proverbial head. George, at one time or another, has romanced nearly every glamor girl in Hollywood, including Greta Garbo, Bette Davis, Loretta Young,

Merle Oberon, Constance Worth, and Olivia de Havilland. But his romances never last very long. Four times he has married. But his marriages never last very long. Ruth Chatterton holds the track record with a year and eight months.

My nickel's worth is that George, with that arrogant independence that was instilled in him by his grandfather when he was a child in Ireland, until it became a part of his very being, is rather like a *Pygmalion*. And *Galatea* is very bad casting for Ann Sheridan.

Several days after the separation was announced I had lunch with Ann in the Green Room at Warner Brothers. Ann was covered with mud, and apologized for being so messy. As *Karen Stensgard* in the powerful anti-Nazi "Edge Of Darkness" (in which Ann co-stars with Errol Flynn) she has another dramatic rôle which is a cinch to bring her further laurels from the critics. That day Ann had been participating in some guerilla fighting in the rain-soaked hills of Norway, and mud is very muddy these days of priorities.

"Until last Sunday," said Ann, "George hadn't spoken much for a month. He finally called me in Del Monte and asked if he might come up for the week-end, and I said okay, please come—but he went to Lancaster instead. Sunday he drove down from Oxnard and arrived at my ranch in the Valley about four o'clock in the afternoon. From four o'clock until late that night we talked things over. George very frankly told me what was wrong with me, and that took quite some time. Among other things he called me a career girl. Simply because I sat up one night reading the script of 'Texas Guinan,' because I found it so interesting I couldn't put it down. Imagine me, a career girl! Finally I said, 'Well, George, it looks like this is it.' We agreed that I was to call Alex Evelove, head of publicity at the studio, on Monday morn-

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Leader Xavier Cugat, whose orchestra furnishes the rhythmic tunes in "You Were Never Lovelier," starring Rita Hayworth and Fred Astaire, sketches a caricature of Rita.

ing and give him a statement for the newspapers."

But George jumped the gun on Ann. He phoned the newspapers early next morning and said, "It is the last thing in the world I wanted. But I don't see what I can do about it. Ann wants her freedom and she is going to issue a statement explaining that our marriage is finished."

George has never been palsy-walsy with the press. Ann has. As a matter of fact, I sat near Ann and George in the Beachcomber's on one of their rare nights out last summer. George had hurt his hand in "You Can't Escape Forever" and it was beginning to swell. Ann ordered a bowl of cracked ice. George said sourly, "Well, I hope the press don't see me. They'll say I socked you." Well, for one who doesn't like the press I must say George ran to them awfully fast when he wanted sympathy.

"I'm sure the fact that we had two homes had much to do with the failure of our marriage," Ann told me. "Before we had any thought of getting married I bought four acres and a ranch house in Ensino—which I loved devotedly, but George never cared for. He preferred the little bachelor house at Toluca Lake, which he rents from Charles Kenyon. Naturally when we married we expected to give up both these bachelor homes, and build a home big enough for both of us. But when we realized that building would be impossible until after the war, and impractical because George was of draft age, we called everything off. I tried to live at George's little house, but there wasn't even closet room, and when I'd suggest that we live at my ranch house George would complain of the sleeper jump."

The war is blamed for everything these days. It might as well be blamed for the failure of the Sheridan-Brent marriage.

"George suffers from a shyness that is out of this world," Ann continued. "I used to think he was pretending when he said he didn't like people, but after I married him I discovered that it is really a phobia with him. Someone at the studio would in-

vite us to dinner, and George would accept with the utmost charm. But by the time we had gotten home and I was ready to dress for dinner, George would have talked himself into a state of abject misery. We'd end up by staying home. Once he accepted an invitation to a party Ann Sothern was giving. All evening he was gay and witty, entered into all the fun, laughed, told jokes, and, believe it or not, we were the last to leave. I think Ann was getting ready to sweep us out. I was worn and weary, but I thought, this is wonderful, George has gotten over his phobia. He likes people at last. But I was wrong. The next time we were invited some place he was as miserable as ever. We stayed home."

George, according to his friends, has been anti-social all his life. When he finishes a picture he doesn't celebrate, as most actors do, by a whirl at the night clubs, or a flying visit to the gay bistros in New York, or a hunting trip with the boys in Mexico. When he finishes a picture George goes to a hospital and rests.

While Ann, unlike George, simply adores people. All kinds of people. She's as friendly as a kitten and as cordial as a politician in October. For instance, I had lunch at her house one Sunday, the year before the Sheridan-Brent romance started. It was like a scene out of "My Sister Eileen." During the afternoon there must have been forty or more people at the house, including four members of the press, Cesar Romero, her best friend Gwennie, two girls from wardrobe, an agent, the plumber, the family next door, and the entire rhumba band from a downtown night club with their Mexican wives and sweethearts. Our conga chain was sensational.

Ann's friends at the studio (who consider Mr. B. a bit of a snob) claim that George has always resented Ann's friendship with the boys and girls at the studio. Ann's entrance into the Green Room at the studio at noon used to be the cue for a near-riot. Everybody from the messenger boy to the director wanted to tell Ann their latest joke. Ann would throw back her head,

ugh appreciatively, and say, "Brother, it's a honey." Ann could take that Green from out of the dumps in nothing flat. Suddenly Ann didn't appear at the Green from any more. She told the people on her that George had decided she wasn't eating enough, and made her come home to lunch every day where he had ordered well-prepared meals for her. Ann's studio friends are pretty mad. They took it personally. At they shouldn't have. George is hepped the subject of health and vitamins (a ingover from his friendship with the ually hepped Miss Garbo) and no doubt s interest in Ann's diet was quite sincere. n is the kind of a girl who has no imag- ation about food. At the studio she orders e same lunch every day—scrambled eggs, con, buttered toast, fried potatoes, of hich she takes just about four bites. Then e starts laughing and joking, and pushes erything aside. One of the biggest fights e Brents ever had was over a dish of rrots.

George's moroseness, his defeatism, and s gloomy fatalistic attitude toward life e things the poor guy probably can't help, d Ann would be the last to criticize. hose "Black Irish" moods that descend on him regularly, driving him to the very pths of despair, are doubtless a heritage om his proud ancestors, who for genera- ons suffered beneath the cruel heels of the nglish tyrants, who robbed and laid waste eir lands south of the River Shannon. orge would like to throw off this morose- ess. But he has been steeped in it too long. hen one of these black moods envelops m he is as cheerless as a corpse at a meral. Not very pleasant for a young wife ho likes to laugh, who can make a wise- ack even at life's darkest moment.

The Brent defeatism is famous at the udio where he has worked for ten years. George always looks on the black side," ne of the employees there told me. "He eems to think that life is trying to give him rotten deal. Whereas, we all think that e has been pretty good to him. He has no eason to complain. Imagine, a yacht, a lane, a bank account, Garbo, Davis and heridan, all in one lifetime!"

"Two questions, please," I asked Ann, and then I'll let you go and save Norway. First, you must have known that George was morose, shy, and anti-social before you married him, so why did you marry him? and second, do you think you'll ever marry n actor again?"

"Number one," replied Ann. "Of course ou know all about a person before you marry him. Or at least you think that you o. After marriage you naturally expect the ough spots to smooth themselves out, as our mutual understanding deepens. But until you're man and wife, settled down nder one roof, you don't actually *know* a e person. Sometimes marriage does strange hings to people who have presumably been compatible during a romance. The very hings that were once attractive suddenly ecome the very things that one or the oter tries to change. Possessiveness sets n. No matter how much you have in com- on, a marriage cannot last if one tries to ominate the other's life."

"Number two. Will I every marry an actor again? Hit me with a brick if I ever o!"

Then as she rose from the table, pushing aside quantities of scrambled eggs, bacon, buttered toast and fried potatoes, she added, "No, don't! I might change my mind."



On their way home from work, Jane and Joan stop for a magazine. Jane notices the new "MOVIE SHOW".



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**BUY UNITED STATES
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The five curvacious show girls, posing under the big sunshade, are from "Happy Go Lucky," the rollicking filmusical in Technicolor. Reading from left, bottom row: Lynda Grey, Rebel Randall, and Barbara Slater; top: Louise La Planche and Aileen Haley.

JANE WITHERS PRIZE CONTEST

Complete Descriptions Of Prizes

FIRST PRIZE—IRISH COSTUME

White silk crepe tights with white lace trim, to be worn under the full skirt. A slip with yellow silk top, trimmed in white lace with bright green ribbon woven through it, which can be seen through the net blouse.

The bottom of the slip is of white organdy, gathered at the waist, with three ruffles along the bottom, trimmed with a three-inch border of Irish lace. The blouse is of fine, eggshell net. Its neckline is round, and rather low, trimmed with a thin border of eggshell lace, and the sleeves, also trimmed

with the same lace, are puffed and almost reach the elbows. The brilliant emerald green skirt of heavy satin is flared and has emerald green felt shamrocks running along the border of the skirt. A black velvet bodice with suspenders is worn over the blouse and laced in front with black gros grain ribbon. A pale yellow organdy apron is trimmed with Irish lace and has a large green felt shamrock in one corner. The green satin bow, of the same material as the skirt, with two felt shamrocks tied in the knot, is for the hair.

SECOND PRIZE—DRESS

The two-piece dress is of bright green wool. The skirt is flared and has eight gores. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three rows of red felt ric-rac. The jacket-blouse, made of the same material, is short-waisted and has a square neckline. The entire jacket is bound with the red ric-rac, as are the short, puffed sleeves. The heart-shaped buttons are red, and there's a red felt heart-shaped pocket on the left hand side of the jacket, appliquéd with green, white, yellow and blue felt flowers.

THIRD PRIZE—ACCESSORY SET HAT, MITTENS AND BAG

The hat is a simple calot, or "beanie," as it is sometimes called, with the heads of the two hat-pins made of heart-shaped felt, one bright green and one royal blue. The bag of bright red, loosely woven wool material is perfectly round. A bright green silk twisted cord goes all around the bag and is then brought into a huge loop to be worn over the shoulder. On one side of the bag green and red felt flowers and hearts have been appliquéd, with some simple green embroidery in peasant style. The bag closes with a zipper and is lined with bright green silk faille. The mittens are of bright red suede with the same "heart and flower" appliqué that appears on the bag repeated on them. They are lined with white wool fleece.

FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH PRIZES—SHOULDER- STRAP BAGS

The bag is made of natural color saddle leather, stitched in yellow around the edges, and has a gold lock on the front, with a real key inside. The strap can be used as a shoulder strap, or it can be attached to the leather hooks and buckles on the bottom and sides to shorten the strap into a regular handle. Holes are punched in the strap so that it may be lengthened or shortened, as the wearer wishes. The bag, which is approximately ten and one-half inches by seven inches, is divided into three sections on the inside. The first division has a change purse of the same leather as the bag. The center part is made by the two pieces of leather that separate the first and last sections. These two pieces of leather have a flap with a catch where one can keep flat items. Under the flap is a small compartment with an opening in the center through which the identification card is visible. The last compartment has what is called a "drop bottom." Along the bottom there is a piece of leather-bound cardboard, about two inches wide, which, when brought down along the bottom of the bag, brings the last compartment out to its full width in order that it may hold more articles. When raised along the back, the bag becomes thinner again. The left-hand corner of each bag has Jane Withers' autograph and a small "stick-sketch" of the figure she usually draws as part of her signature.

HELEN HAYES shows the Navy how she saves *waste kitchen fats* to help stop the Japs



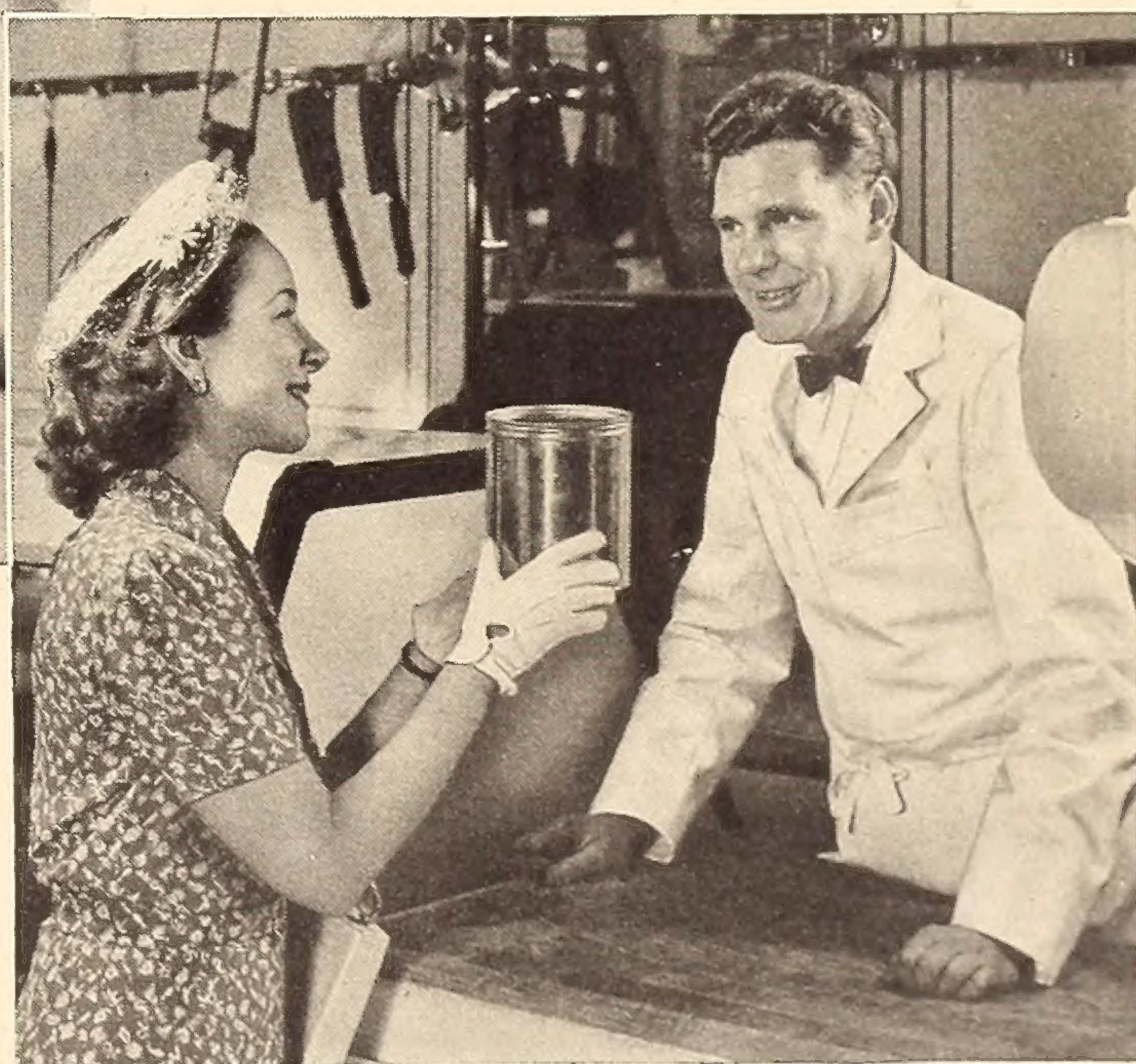
"I AM sure I don't know as much about making explosives as most soldiers and sailors do about the stage.

"But lately I've learned these things: that kitchen fats make glycerine, and glycerine makes the powder charge that drives millions of shells from the guns of the United Nations.

"I'm told that a single pound of kitchen grease will make two anti-aircraft shells. So you can bet that not one drop of waste fat in my house ever goes down the drain. Instead, I send it back to my meat dealer—and on its way to the war. I'm making it a wartime habit—are you?"

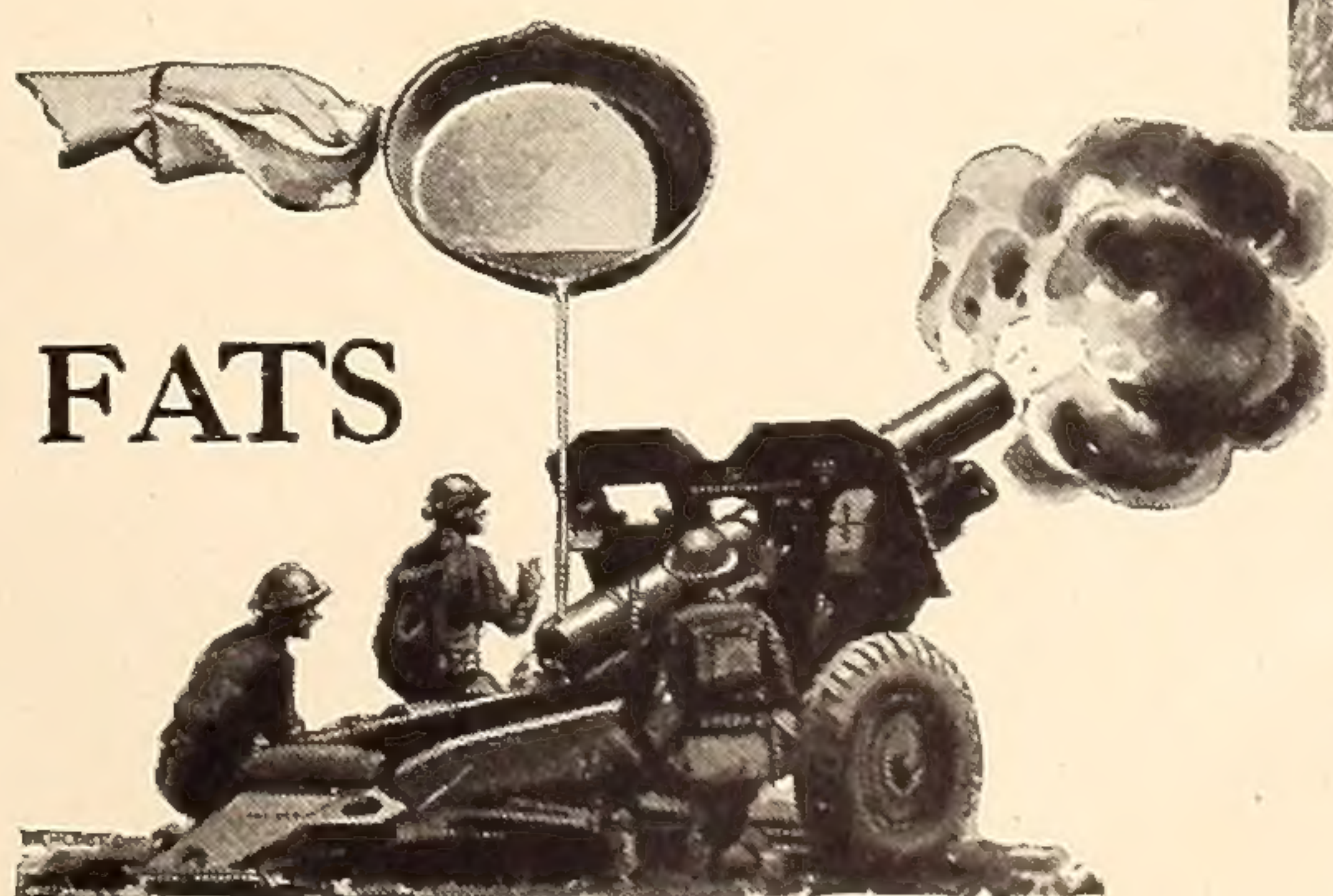
Helen Hayes

"Take it to your meat dealer," says Miss Hayes, "after you've collected a pound or more. He is co-operating patriotically, and will pay you for your fats and start them on their way to the war. But help him by delivering early in the week."



How do you save it? In the kitchen of her Nyack, New York, home Helen Hayes shows some visiting sailors. Every kind of waste kitchen fat—after you've got the cooking good from it—is strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can. Bacon grease, drippings, used vegetable shortening—everything. Don't use glass or paper bags. Keep in a cool, dark place.

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